A Profile of People's Democracy

THE NEW

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Dr. Nkrumah's First Task

FIGHTING in the shadow of continual charges of corruption, constantly accused of despotism, and faced with formidable tribalism, Nkrumah's Convention People's Party has won a remarkable electoral success in the Gold Coast. Its clean sweep in the Colony was expected; the seats it won in Ashanti and the North are the significant victories. The threat of secession and fragmentation are averted, and the way is now open for the Secretary of State to honour his promise by naming the date for the declaration of an independent Ghana state. Since the popular verdict seems clearly expressed, the new nation will be based on the draft constitution submitted by the C.P.P. government.

The opposition, which has constantly demanded a trial by general election, has put forward its alternative, federal proposal; it has been defeated in an election, which has been conducted without the violence and intimidation that many people prophesied. If the opposition still believes in the superiority of its case, it can still advance it, constitutionally, as a properly organised alternative party.

The auspices are good for the new African state. It raises its standard as the leader of a new Africa, defying both racialism and colonialism; it carries the promise of a developing democracy in a backward continent. But the responsibility of the leaders only begins with this electoral victory. The world has to be shown that Africans insist on good government as well as self government. The charges of corruption and nepotism, which have recently been made before a public inquiry, have not turned the electorate against the Convention People's Party. But that does not wipe out the charges.

A country which emerges suddenly from tribalism into a money economy is inevitably in danger from inexperience and corruption. "Dash" in the Gold Coast is a common courtesy which may mean anything from a serious bribe to a harmless tip. Only a minority realise how dangerous this habit may be to a society which sets out to become a modern state. It affects far more than individual morals. If a few people are able to make great fortunes by unscrupulous methods (which in the past would have had very little political importance), the entire direction and character of the state may be perverted. This danger affects all emerging states. Corruption, on a small and great scale, notoriously exists in Nigeria. There accusations are widely made against the African bureaucracy, and no one questions that in some degree they are justified. Dr. Azikiwe, the Premier of East Nigeria, has already dismissed certain ministers accused of corruption. But he himself has also come under fire.

The dismissal of Kodwo Mercer, the Gold Coast High Commissioner also challenges criticism in the Gold Coast. Mr. Mercer has long been the leader of a reformist movement within the C.P.P. and it is disconcerting to notice that his dismissal has been postponed until it could not affect the election. His only crime appears to be that he gave evidence before the public inquiry about the questionable affair of the Cocoa Purchasing Company. To give such evidence was surely the only possible course for a public spirited official. The allegations against the Cocoa Purchasing Company were that it has been riddled with corruption; that its funds have been used for the party advantage of the C.P.P. and that its appointments have frequently shown gross political favouritism.

How much truth there is in these charges we do not know; the findings of the inquiry have not yet been published. We assume that Dr. Nkrumah's new administration will now see to it that the facts are made public and the recommendations of this inquiry are acted upon. Dr. Nkrumah, who will become the first Premier of an independent Gold Coast, has our warmest good wishes. One of the reasons for confidence in him is that he promised during the election that he would root out corruption as soon as independence was assured. He can now enhance his great reputation by swiftly fulfilling this pledge.

Comments on the Week's News

Last Card in Cyprus

When making his long-delayed statement on Cyprus to the Commons last week, Sir Anthony Eden was faced with a difficult choice. Was he to admit that the Turkish veto had been allowed to end all hopes of a settlement and spell out the collapse of his policy in words of one syllable? Or was he to try to obscure the issue by dispatching Lord Radcliffe to Cyprus to draw up a constitution? By choosing the latter he played, in effect, his last card—and at the moment when it was least likely to take a trick. Until last week, the government had held Lord Radcliffe in reserve, believing that, in certain circumstances, the announcement of his mission might produce the psychological shock required for a *détente*. Now, by his unwillingness to face the Commons empty-handed, Sir Anthony has thrown away his chance of reaching any settlement short of capitulation. The Radcliffe mission—as Sir Anthony must surely know—has only the remotest chance of success. The Greek Cypriots have affirmed their unwillingness to open discussions except with Makarios as their spokesman. But even if Makarios were to be recalled—or even if the attitude of his followers proves less intransigent in the event—the government will still have to face the Turkish veto. The crux of the constitution Lord Radcliffe will draw up—with or without Cypriot agreement—will be the question of the relative representation of the Greek and Turkish populations. Even if self-determination is left in abeyance, and even if the Greek Cypriots concede the British case on internal security and reserved powers, any constitution which does not concede parity of representation to the Turkish Cypriots will not be accepted by Turkey. The British government have made it clear that they are not prepared to override the Turkish veto on self-determination; are they prepared to do so on self-government?

Disarmament Double-talk

The western position on disarmament grows steadily less defensible. During the session of the Disarmament Sub-committee this spring, the West refused to accept the new Rusian plan for conventional disarmament (although it was, in substance, the Anglo-French Plan of March, 1955) on the grounds that it (a) did not include provisions for nuclear disarmament (thus reversing the position upheld by Mr. Macmillan at the Foreign Ministers' Conference in October, 1955); (b) did not include the Eisenhower "open skies" plan; and (c) was "unrealistic" in the "present state of tension". The real reason for rejection—as Mr. Selwyn Lloyd admitted to the Commons—was that the levels for conventional forces (1,500,000 men for Russia and the U.S.; 650,000 for Britain and France) were too low for western defence arrangements (i.e., Nato, Seato and Meto). The British government, he said, had therefore abandoned its earlier levels, and had accepted the American ones (2,500,000 and 750,000). Mr. Gromyko has now removed this last excuse, by announcing, at the meeting of the full Commission in New York, that Russia is prepared to accept the higher American levels. Mr. Nutting was clearly perturbed by this new Russian concession, and could only reply that the Russian proposal was "obscure" on the levels for smaller powers (i.e., Egypt, Yugoslavia, etc.). The matter has now been referred back to the Sub-committee, which meets in the autumn; and the West will doubtless fall back on its last line of defence—that disarmament must await a "settlement of outstanding political problems."

The attitude of the West has been further exposed by Mr. Shepilov's new proposals for a cessation of nuclear tests. Russia, he said, was prepared to accept any of three methods: U.N. control, tripartite control by the three nuclear powers, or unilateral suspension. In reply, America has made it quite clear that suspension of tests is "not compatible" with "American security", while Britain has hedged, confirming the widely held view that she is not interested in suspending tests until after she has exploded her own series of H-Bombs. Meanwhile, the Labour Party, which rightly expressed its concern, in Monday's debate, over the effects of radiation, hesitates over the wider issues of test-control and disarmament. Why? Its record on disarmament, while in office, was sound, because until 1955 the blame for the failure of disarmament negotiations rested heavily with Russia. But since then the roles have been reversed. Labour, however, still clings to its bipartisan line on disarmament; and it refused to debate the White Paper on the spring session of the Sub-committee. What is its position now? The foreign policy document, recently adopted by the parliamentary party, makes nonsense of the present position of the British government over "political preconditions"; but it has no specific disarmament proposals. The party is now said to be working on a separate paper on disarmament. Will this paper draw the logical deductions from its foreign policy document? And, if so, is the Labour leadership prepared to carry its convictions on to the floor of the House—not in three years' time, but now?

Gomulka's Comeback

The news that Mr. Gomulka has been invited to attend the present plenary session of the Central Committee of the Polish United Workers' Party confirms the rumour, current for some weeks, that Gomulka has been paving the way for his comeback with a series of private conversations in Warsaw with a sub-committee of the Central Committee. This development was indeed almost inevitable. The heresies for which Gomulka was disgraced in 1952 are now the pure milk of orthodoxy. He fell not merely because he advocated a slowing down of the drive towards industrialisation and collectivisation, but more specifically because he envisaged the development in Poland of a three-sector economy, in which state, co-operative and private ownership should all play a part. This at the time was a doctrinal heresy in two senses: first it challenged the conventional Communist view of the need for a wholly collective economy; secondly, it challenged the authority of the Kremlin—and, under Stalin, that degree of "national Communism" was intolerable in the general secretary of a satellite party. Today the economic pundits in Poland talk openly of the advantages of allowing the small capitalist a place in their economy. A piquant element in this final stage of Gomulka's rehabilitation is the self-criticism he made at the time of his disgrace. Everything suggests that he is now being rehabilitated on the basis of his original views which have worn so well. But Gomulka is not the sort of man to overlook the enduring humiliation of leaving on the record a self-criticism which he made to save his neck. Will it now be publicly repudiated? It is possible that the preliminary discussions with the Central Committee have been lengthened by intransigence on this point. The fact is that Gomulka is a stiff-necked and authoritarian character. Given an opportunity, he will still prove a force to be reckoned with in Polish politics; but his restoration to the Central Committee—or even to the Politburo—would not necessarily mean an accretion of strength to the more democratic elements in the leadership.

NEXT WEEK
G. B. S. CENTENARY
Special contributions by
KINGSLEY MARTIN
J. B. PRIESTLEY
and VICKY

Peace Moves in Algeria?

The announcement, last week, that Mr. Messali Hadj, leader of the M.T.L.D., has accepted Mr. Nehru's five-point plan for a peace settlement in Algeria, is the first step towards negotiations with the "rebels." Since the rebellion began, his partisans claim, the French Government has made every effort to discredit Messali and to create the impression that he represents neither the rebels nor Algerian opinion as a whole. He and his principal followers are all in prison, whereas leaders of other Algerian groups, which have, in the past, adopted more moderate attitudes, have been provided with passports and allowed to go to Cairo. The government has requested the French press to refrain from mentioning the M.T.L.D. and its activities and to give the widest publicity to the National Liberation Front, the organisation with which it hopes, eventually, to come to terms. This was why, three months ago, it prosecuted Claude Gérard. Her conversations with rebel leaders convinced her that Messali still exercised more authority than any other Algerian leader and that any settlement would have to be arranged through him. M. Lacoste read her articles before publication and begged her to suppress this fact. It was her refusal—and not her contacts with the rebels—which led to her indictment. Her articles, however, have led to a modification of French official opinion, and it is now recognised—at least privately—that Messali will have to be taken into account. His acceptance of the Nehru plan—which provides for elections under neutral supervision—will undoubtedly confirm this view because, although M. Mollet has officially repudiated it, he is known to favour it privately as the only possible solution. The elements of a compromise on Algeria are thus beginning to emerge. The speed at which they mature will depend on the effect of the measures M. Ramadier is finding it necessary to take to finance the war and on the attitudes of Tunisia and Morocco which are growing increasingly hostile.

The Wage-dispute in Steel

The British steel industry has a very long record of almost untroubled industrial relations. For more than a generation the main bargaining body, the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation, has managed to settle its wage problems amicably under a system, formerly of sliding-scale adjustments varying with steel prices, and latterly of adjustments based chiefly on living costs. These bargains apply directly only to the process workers organised in the Confederation. The skilled craftsmen, such as maintenance engineers, electricians and bricklayers, belong to their own unions and have hitherto allowed their wages to

be fixed in accordance with the bargains made by the Confederation, usually on a percentage basis. This has meant bigger advances to those receiving the higher basic rates. The present trouble has arisen because the Confederation and the employers have agreed on a flat-rate advance and the employers have refused to pay the craftsmen a supplementary amount sufficient to maintain the relative differentials. (They did make such a payment when the previous advances were conceded.) The craftsmen, who—unlike the process workers—are mainly time-workers, complain that this puts them at a relative disadvantage and have resorted to strike action, as the engineers and electricians in the printing industry did in similar circumstances last year. As the Confederation monopolises the bargaining powers in the industry, there is no regional negotiating machinery for dealing with the dispute. The Confederation is jealous of its bargaining monopoly; and, even if it were proposed to admit the craft unions to some share in bargaining rights, it does not follow that the craft unions would agree to a system that would allow them to be outvoted by the representatives of the process workers, who are in a big majority.

Teachers or Head Waiters?

The deputation from the National Union of Teachers, which visited Sir David Eccles earlier this week to discuss the position of teachers in connection with the School Meals Service, was keeping an appointment made as a result of a resolution passed at the last annual conference. This resolution instructed the executive "to take steps to lighten and eventually remove the duties of the teaching staff resulting from children staying at school for dinner." It was a stroke of singularly fortunate timing that the meeting took place on the heels of the High Court decision that the Sunderland L.E.A. had no authority for assuming, a few months ago, that school meals duties, other than supervision, can be imposed on teachers. The Burnham increases which Sir David is about to approve were not devised for head waiters, and the profession does well to insist from time to time that it is employed to teach. None the less the problem of school meals cannot be easily put aside, for it reflects the degree to which education is a good deal more than teaching and a school more than the sum of its teachers. If schools are still short of teachers—and in places like Birmingham desperately so—they are even shorter of ancillary staff. The old joke about earnings of the school caretaker needs to be transformed into a staffing policy for the "whole school," which would recognise, incidentally, that this is probably the most valuable field of part-time work for married women. Not that we believe teachers are overworked (for teachers are the only people who believe this) and least of all that they should keep to their classrooms, but simply that they have for too long been prepared, under pressure, to bore holes in other people's metal.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Munich

The Social-Democrat Conference

Our Special Correspondent writes: It was a conference of carefully prepared unanimity on all major questions of policy. Discussion was disjointed and played no part in arriving at policy decisions. The three main resolutions, on rearmament, re-unification and foreign policy, had been prepared by the Executive Committee, and they were all passed without opposition. The most important dealt with defence. There had been disagreement among the policy makers at the top before the opening of the conference. The defence sub-committee of the Executive had proposed a policy which may be summed up in this way: no conscription; a firm declaration in favour of some form of army; support for a professional army. The proposals of this sub-committee were made significant by the fact that it includes among its members Wilhelm Mellies, deputy-chairman of the the S.P.D. and Fritz Erler, the party's spokesman on defence. The Executive, however, refused to accept the sub-committee recommendation and postponed the drafting of their own resolution till the eve of Conference. When they met at Munich the left-wing members of the E.C. demanded that the S.P.D. should make the fight against conscription a main issue in the election campaign, that the party should pledge itself to abolish conscription if returned to power, and that it should practically rule out any coalition based upon the retention of universal military service. This demand reflected a clear trend of opinion in many district organisations of the S.P.D. and among the younger members of trade unions. The right-wing members of the E.C., who are very keen on entering a coalition government after the elections next year, wanted to moderate these demands leaving the door open for a change of policy after the elections. A resolutions sub-committee was then set up within the Executive which battled with the problem of finding a compromise that both wings could support. Using all the varied possibilities of the German language, they finally emerged with a form of words that was passed by the Executive Committee without opposition.

This decision made agreement in the conference absolutely certain, and practically obliged all the leading delegates to withdraw their own resolutions. The text finally adopted by conference pledges the S.P.D.: (1) to abolish conscription if returned to power; (2) to revise the Paris Treaties in agreement with the western powers; (3) to oppose the inclusion of the two halves of a divided Germany in hostile military alliances and (4) to support the creation of a European Security system. It may be said that there is in fact a great deal of support for such a policy among the German people, and that the S.P.D. are approaching the elections with a measure of justified self-confidence.

The policy of the S.P.D. on re-unification has not changed since the first Geneva Conference of the big four. The party still calls upon the four powers to reach agreement on the future military status of a re-unified Germany. They propose that a united Germany should play its part in a European security system, they oppose Dr. Adenauer's so-called "policy of strength," and they maintain that agreement among the big four is the decisive pre-condition of the re-unification of their country. There had been a few resolutions on the agenda proposing direct negotiations, if absolutely necessary, with the German Government in the Eastern Zone. Ollenhauer and the Executive Committee firmly opposed any such direct approach and gained the support of Conference for their attitude. The S.P.D. proposes instead that the four powers should reach agreement on German re-unification, and that the two Germanys should then arrange the technical details amongst themselves. This would avoid the political recognition of the Ulbricht-Grotewohl Government and still permit Germans on both sides to get on with the job.

Karachi

Gathering Crisis

A Pakistan Correspondent writes: The restoration of parliamentary government in East Bengal has been a revelation of the extent to which those in authority at the centre are prepared to go in order to keep themselves in power. If the Assembly had been permitted to discuss the budget, the Sarkar ministry, nominees of Governor Fazlul Huq (who was denounced two years ago as a turn-coat) would certainly have failed. It had at no time enjoyed the confidence of the people. With the Muslim League in the last stages of disintegration in the west, and the United front defeated in the east, the Muslim League-United Front Coalition at the centre would have been in grave danger. It was clearly up to General Iskander Mirza to step in. He did.

As President, he suspended the Constitution, and took over the administration of the province. United Front politicians flew frantically between Karachi and Dacca. In an effort to get themselves back into power, it was said that they were prepared to ditch the Muslim League and join up with the Awami League. This would have meant the end of ex-Civil Servant Mohammed Ali as Prime Minister! The strain indeed was such that his health broke down. His illness was interpreted as diplomatic, and caused his eagerly awaited visit to Peking to be postponed; but his recovery was perfectly timed to enable him to attend the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London.

In order to placate the United Front, General Mirza acted swiftly. He certified the budget and reinstated the Sarkar ministry—all 40 of them. Mr. Sarkar openly said that he would not call another session of the Assembly until he was certain of obtaining a vote of confidence in his ministry. Thus, the *status quo* was restored. But the threat of famine has become a grim reality. Rivers are in flood again, vast areas have been inundated, and the price of rice has soared so high that it is beyond the reach of the rural population.

Compared with the east, economic conditions in West Pakistan are reasonably good: but a dangerous political crisis seems to be brewing. Last year, the three main Provinces, States and Tribal Areas were integrated into a single administrative unit, and collectively became the Province of West Pakistan. There was furious and widespread controversy over this One-Unit Plan, as it was called, and the general opinion was that the Punjabis had decided on this arrangement for a number of reasons. One was their fear that some day East Bengal would have no economic alternative but to secede from Pakistan and become an independent republic. Another was that in the interests of collective security, defence and sound administration, the west should be one integrated whole, ruled by a Punjabi bureaucratic elite.

The man chiefly responsible for the achievement of the One-Unit Plan was General Iskander Mirza. He turned a deaf ear to the controversy which raged throughout the country, and ordered the "decks to be cleared", which the new Constituent Assembly obligingly did, and passed the necessary legislation, ignoring the many protests of the Opposition. But there was one serious danger, and General Mirza, better than anyone else, could

appreciate it—rebellion in the North West Frontier and Tribal Areas! The man who might succeed in causing this was the "Frontier Gandhi", Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, the bitterly anti-One Unit leader of the revived Red Shirts. With characteristic perspicacity General Mirza appointed Ghaffar Khan's elder brother—Dr. Khan Sahib—Chief Minister of the newly created Province of West Pakistan.

On assuming office, Dr. Khan Sahib at once refused to associate himself with the Muslim League! Soon after he formed his Cabinet there was trouble. Those excluded set up a hue and cry which led to a split in both the Cabinet and the Legislature.

The obvious course was for Dr. Khan Sahib to form his own party. Thus the Republican Party came into being. Wholesale desertions from the Muslim League took place, bitter enemies forgot the past and formed strange alliances, and Dr. Khan Sahib survived a critical test of his leadership in the Assembly by one vote, cast in his favour by the chairman. Unfortunately, he has taken into his new cabinet some of the most discredited politicians in West Pakistan; and, whatever his motives may be, his prestige has beyond any doubt been considerably damaged.

Science

News from the Wilderness

Ritchie Calder writes: Within a couple of minutes' flying distance from Egyptian bases in the Gaza Strip, the Israelis have built one of the best-equipped science centres in the world—the Weizmann Institute, at Rehovot. In ten years it has acquired international recognition and status. Some 2,500 miles from Rehovot the Board of Governors of The Weizmann Institute have been meeting in London and the scientists from Rehovot have been reporting. Much of what they have had to tell is remote from the urgencies of an embattled state—and the more significant because it is. For instance, the Israeli settlers would find "polyelectrolyte" an indigestible word. And it is not easy to explain to them that this research may produce the soil-conditioners which will knit their desert dust into useful soil and remove the salt from undrinkable water. To the workers in a *kibbutz*, the idea of a "mechano-chemical" engine may not be immediately helpful. But the study of those same polyelectrolytes—chemicals directly related to plastics—may, in time, produce a working engine which needs no power. For fibres made of certain polyelectrolytes behave like living muscles. They expand or contract when treated with alkali or acid and can lift and lower weights.

Perhaps Israelis who are anxious about their food situation might have pricked up their ears when Ephraim Katchalsky began to describe how his colleagues were making proteins in the laboratory. They are not making meat, eggs or cheese. They have, however, made artificially a whole series of proteins in the laboratory. They are identifiably, proteins but the scientist can add to or subtract from them, so that they behave differently from natural substances. Just how important this will be the scientists are shy to say, but some can be used to replace factors in the human blood. Others have an important relationship to antibiotics—the miracle-drugs which began with penicillin. Some of them, with the characteristics of gelatin, can have important practical applications in the film industry.

Again, there was tritium. Tritium—triple weight hydrogen—is used in the H-bomb. The Americans, to produce it, spent $1,400 million. Israel is not making H-bombs and it has better things to do with its dollars. But the Weizmann Institute scientists are studying tritium. In nature, it is produced—in tiny quantities—by the collision of cosmic rays, from space, with the atoms in our atmosphere. Some of this tritium is washed down by rain. It is radioactive and its activity can be measured. So the scientists have turned this to the service of Israel. Now, as a regular routine, they test the samples of waters from new wells. They can tell whether the water of a well is regularly or only periodically renewed by rain. Or whether, like some of the wells, it is old water dating back to geological times—trapped in a sort of water-bottle which will never be replenished. So the heartbreak of well-failures can be averted.

The department of experimental biology at the Weizmann pays a great amount of attention to cancer—as it should, because Professor I. Berenblum is one of the world's great authorities on cancer. But he is not working on a "cure." His work has recently thrown a completely new light on the way cancers occur. He discovered that there are substances which, while they cannot produce cancer themselves, will, even when taken by the mouth, prepare the way for cancer—when some other chemical, again not cancer-producing itself, is applied. Using radioactive chemicals, they are now trying to trace the way in which those substances are changed in the living body. Here, in pure research, is another example of how knowledge of the way a process works may tell us how to prevent it working.

Westminster

The Debate that Failed

Mr. R. H. Turton was elected to the House of Commons 27 years ago. Through the years he did some excellent work on Select Committees and made slightly pained, but businesslike, speeches from the back benches. One wondered why successive Conservative governments hesitated to give him office. One wonders no longer.

Not many ministers in any government impose either their personalities or their policies on their departments. Even the most able have to spend a year or so mastering the subjects for which they have been made responsible; and then, just as they are getting the hang of things, they seem to be moved elsewhere and begin all over again. The less able are content to jog along, signing whatever is put before them in their ministry and reciting departmental briefs as unobtrusively as possible in the House of Commons. But even these are expected to recite their briefs efficiently and to have sufficient background knowledge to deal with points outside their brief which suddenly arise in the debate.

This is beyond Mr. Turton. He stands at the box, one foot crossed over the other, and stumbles from sentence to sentence. From time to time his attention seems to wander. He studies the end of his pencil, or sweeps imaginary specks of dust from the despatch box or slowly shifts his weight from one foot to another. Then he returns wearily to his reading and time stands still. These performances are the more unfortunate because, as Minister of Health, he has to appear frequently in the House of Commons and deal with matters which, often, are directly important to everyone in the country. This week, for example, he had to deal with the report of the Medical Research Council's committee on the effects to health of nuclear radiation. His performance helped to make this a lamentable debate.

For years it has been known that we are all exposed to radiation, not only from luminous wrist watches and X-ray machines, but also from substances in the earth's crust and from cosmic rays reaching us from outer space. Indeed, a nervous person who had studied these things might conclude that the only hope of safety was to live permanently indoors, with all windows shut—and as far as possible from Aberdeen, whose granite foundations contain radioactive material. But as, for centuries, people have lived healthily in the open air, and even in Aberdeen, and as safety precautions were introduced in industries using luminous paint and other radioactive substances, few people were seriously worried.

The development of atomic energy and the explosion of atomic bombs, however, have now caused real alarm. The immediate effects on people exposed to radiation when bombs were dropped on Nagasaki and Hiroshima were horrible and widely known. Many of the sufferers who survived the explosion developed leukæmia or even cancer. But even more alarming was the fear that excessive doses of radiation would harm survivors genetically, so that children would be lunatics, dwarfs or otherwise malformed, and that these effects might be produced not only in those near to an explosion, but also in people thousands of miles away who might be affected by the fall-out carried to them on the wind. It was to examine such possibilities that the Medical Research Council's committee was appointed.

Mr. Turton said that he found the committee's report reassuring. I don't think that anyone else did. The committee was sufficiently disturbed even about the effects of radiation from X-rays, pedascopes for shoe fitting and television sets, to advise caution in the use of such apparatus. While it found insufficient evidence about the genetic effects on human beings, the genetic effects so far observed on animals disquieted it. Further, it found evidence that sheep grazing on the Welsh hills are being affected by the fall-out from explosions on the other side of the world; and, though the radiation doses to which either sheep or people are being exposed is at present slight, the committee specifically warned of possible dangers if the rate of firing increased. If, in other words, the power and number of bombs exploded, even in tests, are increased, we may reach the stage when rain and fresh air can kill or maim children playing thousands of miles from the explosion.

Dr. Edith Summerskill, speaking officially for the Opposition, found nothing reassuring about this. She, Leslie Hale, Barbara Castle and others found in it fresh evidence for the banning of further test explosions. But they were hamstrung by the Deputy Speaker, Sir Rhys Hopkin Morris, who ruled that it was out of order to discuss the tests on a motion which merely proposed to "take note of" the committee's report.

Since the report dealt extensively with fall-out and warned of the possible effects of an increased rate of firing, this ruling was incomprehensible to me. Because of it and because of the inadequacy of the Minister of Health, what could have been one of the most important debates of the session drooped to an early close before an almost empty House. I hope that before we rise the Opposition will force a new debate, and on a motion so worded that no occupant of the chair will feel it his duty to stop the House from discussing whether in our own interests (and in those of future generations) we dare persist in poisoning the earth and the air above it.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Convention Eve

Now that President Eisenhower has again declared himself ready to be a candidate, breaking the news with an elaborate casualness, Americans are on the eve of the most bizarre presidential campaign in their history. It will be one in which the Republicans will stress Eisenhower's ruggedness while attacking anyone who dares mention his health, and the Democrats will insist on every public occasion that the health of an invalid with an exiguous life expectancy is strictly his own private affair. It will be the first American campaign ever conducted in the manner of Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson*, with the new tribe of medico-political doctors acting as the unacknowledged legislators of opinion. It will be a campaign waged as a great civil war of X-rays, testing whether the American voter is still one of the incalculables or whether he is the Electronic Man, responding to a feedback circuit.

While no one can foretell the result, the shape of the struggle to come is already fairly clear, allowing, of course, for some "acts of God" like those which have dominated the past year. President Eisenhower has proved that the greatest wonder of contemporary America is not the Grand Canyon nor Niagara Falls but his own persisting popularity and physical resilience. He has now survived a massive heart attack and a major intestinal operation, and survived them not only physically but politically. Never in American history has this happened to a President and presidential candidate. It bears witness to several things: to the deep affection Americans of every class and both parties feel toward him; to the canny way his managers have handled the whole medical and nomination issue, especially Sherman Adams and James Hagerty; to the new role of "public relations" skills in American politics, and the almost unanimous support that the big communications empires have given the Republican managers; to Eisenhower's own greatly underrated instinct as a politician.

The performance is the more impressive because it has so little factual base. Two weeks before his heart attack the President told a group of his party associates, "Human beings are frail—and they are mortal," and he warned them against pinning their flag too tightly to one mast, and being "dependent on one man." Such words from him or any other Republican today would be heresy, yet he was right then. He is not the indispensable President—as witness the abilities Adlai Stevenson would bring to the office. Nor is he the indispensable Republican candidate, as witness Earl Warren, who would win the election handsomely and would cut into independent and Democratic votes more deeply than Eisenhower himself. But Eisenhower is indispensable to the Republican leaders. His popular appeal has been pre-tested. Moreover, they know where he stands, while Warren would be an unknown quantity. Eisenhower has been flexible enough to take over much of the Democratic welfare-state programme, yet in basic economic matters has proved himself deeply conservative.

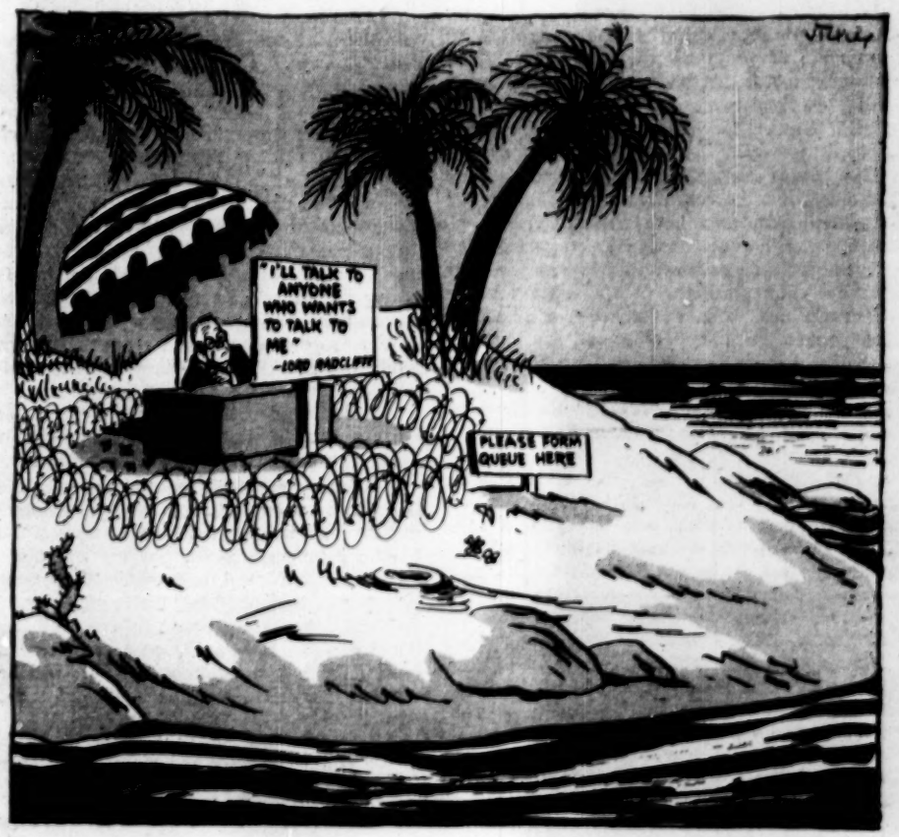
He has also proved himself a passive President and party leader, never pushing presidential power hard against congressional, nor federal power against the state's, nor his own party leadership against the "dinosaur wing" of the Republicans. Bored with the day-to-day decisions that spell out policy he has relegated them to a staff headed by Sherman Adams, so that on issues like the response to the internal Russian "new era," or the question of foreign economic aid, the Eisenhower administration has spoken with a Babel of conflicting voices. He has shunned controversial topics. He has failed to press hard for the legislation to which he has committed himself. Yet in a total evaluation it would have to be said that in some of the clinches (Geneva, the McCarthy Senate censure, the veto of the natural gas bill and the first farm bill) he has somehow managed to assert his power and has shown much of the guile of the fox, if little of the regal wrath of the lion. Most of all he has known how to maintain before the people the image of a non-political, kindly daddy figure, far above the battle of politicians—and thereby shown himself one of the shrewdest politicians in the history of the presidency. Even in his illnesses the daddy figure has applied—for daddies do get heart attacks and have to undergo operations with strange technical names, and good children wait for them to get better, following the whole medical odyssey of an ileum with absorbed interest and never losing their faith.

The Democrats believe there is a junta that has manœuvred Eisenhower into running, but surely this is only half of the scissors. The other half is that Ike, too, wants Ike to run. Robert Donovan, who was given extraordinary access to administration material to write *The Inside Story*, says that Eisenhower spent "five weeks of torment" at Gettysburg when he was recovering from his heart attack. He is not a Cincinnatus to retire contentedly to his wife and plough, but a man who needs to be nourished on the power and glory of his office. The ileitis attack, as evidenced by the prevailing medical literature, is a more serious matter than Ike and his circle have dared admit. Its danger to his candidacy must have frightened Eisenhower a good deal more than its danger to his life. As a good soldier and a good politician he has come to care less about length of years than about tenure and power. Hence the studied casualness with which he let it be known that he is still running.

Despite the evidence of the pollsters that the election will be a runaway, it is not a wholly valueless garland that the Democrats will bestow at their August convention, although it may prove a prickly one to wear. Anything can happen before November to make the straw polls archaic. There is already some evidence that the health issue is more seriously present in the minds of the voters than before the President's ileitis attack.

The clearest development in recent months has been the transformation of Adlai Stevenson from an "egghead" candidate into a human and earthy political figure. Like the Lincoln he admires, Stevenson thrives on adversity. After his defeat in the Minnesota primaries by Kefauver (largely, it would now appear, through a skilfully planned infiltration of Republican votes) he settled down to the "weight-lifting" local contests and went through a barn-storming and hand-shaking ordeal from which he seemed to get a wry sort of enjoyment. His "comeback", culminating in the California primary in early June, was so complete that it not only eliminated Sen. Kefauver effectively from the convention race but seriously dented the hopes of the other hopefuls.

While it is reckless to predict the course of an American presidential convention, I am willing to go out on a few limbs. "I am now the man to beat," says Stevenson, and while his first challenge will come from Harriman (to whom Kefauver will throw his own strength), the real showdown is likely to be with Sen. Symington. The "moderates" who will control the southern delegations are strongly opposed to Harriman and would certainly prefer Stevenson, but many of them—and also many of the northern and mid-western conservatives—would scuttle Stevenson if Symington made a show of strength. But Symington, who has made headlines only with



his sustained efforts for the maintenance of big armaments, especially in the air, is not a likely opponent of an Eisenhower whose main appeal is that of a peacemaker. While tenacious of principle, Stevenson has been careful to take no positions that would play into Eisenhower's strengths, or would divide the Democrats.

As for Harry Truman's role at the convention, he will clearly be one of the decisive voices there, along with Rayburn, Lyndon Johnson and the city political bosses. But Truman, as a good party man, is concerned only with getting a candidate who can win, pledged to a clear platform and a militant campaign. While not a Stevenson enthusiast, he will back him strongly if he is the convention choice, as he is likely to be.

For second place on the ticket the names most frequently heard are those of Sen. Kennedy of Massachusetts and Mayor Wagner of New York —both younger men and both Catholics. Both are good men, but it is a sign of the continuing shadows cast by the 1952 Red-baiting speeches of McCarthy and Nixon alike that it should be thought desirable to flank Stevenson with a running-mate who can keep the Catholic vote.

The real anguish of the Democrats, however, is over the issue of civil rights for Negroes in the South. The Emmet Till murder and the Autherine Lucy case stirred South and North alike, and marked a major effort of the southern die-hards to sabotage the Supreme Court decision on school de-segregation. There are two phases of the southern rebellion that will have an impact on the elections—the vote of the southern states and the vote of the northern Negroes. Of the two the second easily holds more danger for the Democrats, although the first has received more public attention.

For a time there was talk of southern secession from the Democratic convention, but the trouncing defeat that "moderate" Lyndon Johnson gave to "Dixiecrat" Governor Shivers of Texas in the state Democratic convention surprised even the moderates and settled for good the issue of secession—unless the nominee were to be Harriman, who has become (quite wrongly) a symbol of wrath for the southerners. The historical fact is that since the Wilson election in 1912, no Democratic President has needed the "solid South" for his victory, although it has helped to have it. Because of the great election odds against him, Stevenson is more likely to need it. But the contemporary fact is that the southern Democrats have nowhere else to go except the Democratic Party, on which they depend for their seniority in Congress and their wholly disproportionate share of committee chairmanships. While Eisenhower continues to be popular in the South, and has carefully avoided doing or saying anything that would alienate southerners in the current civil rights controversy, the South associates the Supreme Court decision with the name of Earl Warren, a Republican.

The Negroes in the big cities of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri and California have achieved something close to a balance-of-power position in the presidential voting. Since the days of Roosevelt and the New Deal they have voted strongly Democratic, but in 1952 Eisenhower made inroads into this monopoly. The name of Sen. Eastland of Mississippi, fanatic champion of white supremacy, who became head of the Senate Judiciary Committee in a Democratic-controlled Congress, has become a powerful argument against continued Negro allegiance to the Democrats. The leaders of the powerful Negro organisation, the N.A.A.C.P., have been flirting with the idea of turning to the Republicans, and it is expected that one of Nixon's duties in carrying the brunt of the campaign speaking will be to make a powerful play for the Negro vote. To counter this, Stevenson will have the active campaign support of Mrs. Roosevelt, who remains a great symbol for American Negroes. In the primaries in Washington, D.C., and California, Stevenson did best in the heavily Negro districts, despite the *gaffe* he made in an earlier statement on "gradualism" in the civil rights struggle.

What is really bleak for the Democrats is their lack of money and therefore of TV time. Scarcely out of debt on the 1952 campaign the Democrats now face an even more expensive one, in which the corporate money and the bandwagon money will all be at the service of the Republicans. The Republican National Committee has announced that it plans a $7 million presidential campaign, but every study of past expenditures confirms the hunch that the announced figures are only a fraction of the money actually spent. It has been estimated that the Republicans spent between $50 and $100 million dollars last time, and the figures this time (including the congressional races as well) are likely to be higher. The Democrats can come nowhere near matching it. As a result they despair of being able to get to the people their version of the issues. The situation is made worse by the crassness with which a one-party press (which is more than an epithet in America) has played down the Democrat viewpoint.

Two unpartisan leaders of the "opinion industries" have made an effort to bring back a competition of ideas into American elections, but their efforts have been burked. Philip Graham, publisher of the Washington *Post*, tried to organise a public TV appeal for campaign funds for both parties, but it was sabotaged by Leonard Hall, the Republican national chairman, who backed out of an earlier agreement to go along. Frank Stanton, CBS President, proposed that the TV chains grant equal time on a public service basis to both major parties, but there has been no visible enthusiasm among Republicans.

The Republicans will have in this campaign not only the Man and the Money but the effective slogans as well. Their two watchwords will be Peace and Prosperity, and they plan to combine the two in the slogan under the Eisenhower administration "everything is booming but the guns." A few things might happen, of course, to upset this slogan. The farmers' income has not kept up with the rest of the economy, but the Republican strategists have tried to deal with that temporarily by setting up "soil bank" subsidy payments. To deal with the inflation danger the Federal Reserve Bank has tightened interest rates, and tight money is never welcomed by the "ins" in an election year. The clumsy handling of the Middle East crisis by Eisenhower and Dulles has alienated the "Jewish vote," but it is probably too slight to count for much. The Big Giveaway is more than ever an issue, but Eisenhower's natural gas veto will count against it.

The only foreseeable pattern on which the Democrats might win rests on the assumption that the real campaign issue will be none of those I have mentioned above, but the question of presidential health and the presidential succession. Whether he likes it or not, the President will be the focus of anxious and watchful eyes all through the campaign. If he gets a cold it will be a setback, if he has to cancel a speech it will be a disaster; but if defiantly he drives himself too hard, he risks a real breakdown.

"A vote for Eisenhower is a vote for Nixon" is the slogan on which the more earthy Democratic strategists are pinning their hopes.

MAX LERNER

London Diary

WHAT naivety to complain because Sir Gladwyn Jebb declared on Bastille Day in Paris that the British "desire ardently the success of French efforts in Algeria"! As British Ambassador to France, he speaks for the British government, which really dare not say anything else in view of its own record in Cyprus and Kenya, where M. Lacoste, the French Minister Resident in Algiers, accuses us of killing 71,000 Africans. No, the old colonial powers must hang together. But whether the British people, who are certainly uneasy about Kenya and deeply disturbed about Cyprus, can confidently be said to be anxious for a French success in Algeria, is more dubious. And when I'm told that the French are united about Algeria, I recall a number of cautious paragraphs that have appeared in the press about conscripts on their way to North Africa. Some of these have such a lack of this ardent desire for victory in Algeria that they have held up trains, and ended up in gaol—and not in Algeria. A letter from a friend in Marseilles this week gives details of a recent incident which seems not to have been reported at all: in their ardent desire to kill and be killed in Algeria, the troops, perhaps by prior arrangement, were met by a large body of sympathisers at the station, and many of them managed to get lost—and stay lost—in the still labyrinthine slums of Marseilles.

* * *

Some months ago Christopher Mayhew, M.P., wrote an article for the *Moscow Literary Gazette*. After some reminders and a long delay it was published on June 14—with a reply by the Deputy Chairman of Voks. This was something of an event, for Mayhew was critical; while welcoming an improvement in cultural relations, he urged that organised exchange visits were no substitute for the normal free contacts which Britain had with other countries; regretted that only 800 Soviet citizens visited Britain last year out of over a million foreign tourists, and that wrong impressions were still given in the Soviet press about British unemployment, poverty and capitalist tyranny. The Soviet reply was to the effect that organised exchanges are really free exchanges; that the British were still not doing enough to organise tourism; that Intourist was handicapped by the lack of hotel accommodation due to war destruction, and that if no more Russian visitors travelled abroad, that was due to currency difficulties caused by the lack of East-West trade. My impression is unchanged that those in charge of tourism in Russia either do not understand, or, more likely, are not allowed to admit, the difference between organised and unorganised travel. I myself talked to officials about this when I was in Russia last year, and I have hopes that if we plug away at this point the time may come when both Russians and British who want to visit each other's countries can just take tickets and go as freely as any of us here do if we want to visit Switzerland or Yugoslavia.

* * *

"Haven't I heard all this before?" I felt when I came to the invasion of the party headquarters in the report on the Poznan riot which we printed last week. Now I have placed the echoes the scene evoked, in Flaubert's *Education Sentimentale* in the scene where Frédéric Moreau is swept by the 1848 crowd into the Tuileries. At first, in Poznan, "the people treated the building like a museum . . . looking at everything"; at first, in Paris, "*la foule inoffensive se contentait de regarder.*" Then the tempo rises: "knots of angry people were tearing down the pictures,

smashing the glass" in Poznan; in Paris, "*le peuple, moins par vengeance que pour affirmer sa possession, brisa, lacéra les glaces et les rideaux, les lustres, les flambeaux, les tables, les chaises.*" A Pole urinates on the carpet: his Parisian predecessor larded herself with the creams on the Queen's toilet table. In Paris, a sacred object was hurled out of the window—the throne; there was no word from Poznan of what happened to the bust of Lenin at the head of the stairs.

* * *

Last week I went into my local store to buy some envelopes, and had difficulty in deciding whether to come out with all, or only some, of the books I am always meaning to read. After all, I could have six Penguins or Pelicans at no more cost than taking a friend out to lunch. Should I get the *Koran*, Atyiah's *The Arabs*, Eberhardt's *Speak No Evil* or Pierre Lavedan's *French Architecture*? The week before it was two bars of chocolate plus Sir Mortimer Wheeler's *Archaeology of the Earth* and the delightful *Book of Mediterranean Food*. The price made me feel that I must owe Sir Allen Lane some small change. This kind of thing has been going on for 21 years now, with the result that Penguins and Pelicans of every colour, King Penguins, classics, guides, modern painters, Penguin poets, and even a number of Puffins, are to be found on every shelf and by every bed and in every lavatory in Chelsea and Hampstead. Sir William Emrys Williams, in *The Penguin Story*, which he has written to celebrate Penguin Books' twenty-first birthday, says that: "The dominant motive in the firm's endeavour is to provide good reading for people who have acquired a sound taste for books," and it has certainly been an important public service to have enabled (and also enticed) people to buy books like Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* or Rieu's translation of *The Odyssey*. But when he describes the Pelican list (incidentally it amounts to over half the ten million Penguins sold each year) as Penguin's Third Programme, I'm not sure that I wholly agree. For whereas I listen to the Third when I switch it on, I have to confess that I buy Pelicans but all too often don't read them. I tell myself that I must have that book on viruses, or prehistoric India, or British herbs. . . . The truth about Penguins is that they have greatly extended the serious reading public; I should say this is the most remarkable cultural achievement in Britain of our period. The almost equally fabulous success of Pelicans is due to the fact that they minister to our bad consciences and unfulfilled ambitions. They remind us of the endless range of subjects we are always meaning to take beyond a *Reader's Digest* point of unfamiliarity.

* * *

I am glad to hear that the *London Magazine* has got a further lease of life; there were rumours that it might fold up when the *Daily Mirror* withdrew its support. I now hear from John Lehmann, its editor, that he has found three anonymous backers who guarantee it at least to the end of the year. He hopes, with a growing circulation of something over 7,000, that he can get it on to a permanent footing. I have been asking literary friends why the *London Magazine* has made very much less mark than the American-subsidised *Encounter*. Their opinion, rather to my surprise, is that no paper now can be purely literary. John Lehmann has tried to carry on into the Fifties the brilliant success of *New Writing* during the war. But now, they say, a magazine must once more have some sociological content, and they cite as an example the success of a recent issue of the *Twentieth Century* which was devoted to mental health.

"Ah, when I wrote that, I *had* some nerve," said Bernard Shaw in 1897, four years after he had written *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. Hesketh Pearson, in his splendid book on Shaw (there is a lot of Shaw's own writing in it), adds that when the censor finally lifted his ban in 1924, G. B. S., who had grown tired of waiting, said, characteristically: "Better never than late." It still takes a bit of nerve to put on *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, not because the subject is taboo but because theatre pundits still pretend that Shaw's more serious plays are not good box office. A well-known theatrical booking agent recently said that *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was not a "nice" play and that only degenerate types of women become prostitutes. So I particularly congratulate Mr. Terence O'Brien and the Rock Theatre Company for their enterprise in putting on three matinées (July 24, 26 and 27) of *Mrs. Warren* at the Royal Court to celebrate Shaw's centenary.

* * *

In 1901, G. B. S. wrote to Golding Bright: "Afred Place and its neighbourhood is as crowded as ever with knots of women; and it is still not possible to say truthfully to one of them that she will be better treated and better paid by Society if she turns 'honest' and takes to charwoman's work at the St. Pancras standard of five shillings a week." But no women, it could be said, are expected to take work in 1956 at the equivalent of 5s. a week; the choice is no longer as Shaw presents it in *Mrs. Warren's Profession* between starvation and the very attractive wages of sin, leading, in the case of a hard-headed tart, to respectability and a cosy little house in a cathedral close. Why then are there more prostitutes than ever? The answer is, first, that I don't believe there are more. The number appears to be fairly steady except, of course, during times of real starvation such as one witnessed in Berlin about 1930, when the *Friedrichstrasse* was literally crowded with women begging for custom. No, the economic basis of prostitution remains, in the sense that much more can be earned that way than in respectable jobs. Before you dismiss "poverty" as a reason for its popularity you ought to listen to a welfare worker trying to persuade a young prostitute to take a regular job in commerce or industry at £5 or £6 a week.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

"She was rescued from the brink of disaster," he added. "One cannot resist the inference that she was about to be set up in an establishment by gentlemen not of this country."—*News of the World*. (F. W. Belsham.)

Sybil Connolly's collection must be the only one in the world that receives a full Church blessing before it goes on parade. All the models (the clothes, not the girls) were sprinkled beforehand with holy water.—*Evening Standard*. (M. Rueff.)

He worked hard to break down the prejudice of employers against elderly people. One retired judge, who had not served long enough to qualify for a pension, was delighted to be found work as a night watchman.—*Sunday Times*. (E. G. Watson.)

The band struck up at the art students' dance —and 22-year-old Sylvia Frith began to strip.

Says Sylvia's father, a corporation worker, "She has her life to lead and you can't change people. She loves doing unusual things."—*News Chronicle* (E. W. Harland.)

A Challenge to Abolitionists

[*This article has been written by* GILES PLAYFAIR *and* DERRICK SINGTON, *who are at present writing a book for the New York publisher, Simon and Schuster, on capital punishment and its alternatives.*]

WHILE their lordships were debating the Abolition bill, the United States Congress voted overwhelmingly in favour of a measure to allow the imposition of the death penalty for dope-peddling. This was the latest example of a trend towards the retention (or extension) of capital punishment in principle, though paradoxically not in practice, that has been going on in America for the past thirty years. It may well have passed unnoticed in this country, but it provides a timely warning of what might happen here during the hiatus which the House of Lords vote has made inevitable.

At the beginning of 1917, the abolitionist cause may not have appeared so near to success in the U.S. as it does in Britain today, but it was nearer to it than it had ever been before or has been since. Capital offences under federal law, which as short a while before as 1897 had numbered sixty, were now reduced to four. Twelve states had passed abolition laws, which made the death penalty illegal for any and every crime, including treason. Several other states had abolition bills pending, which seemed assured of eventual passage.

Then came America's entry into the first World War, with the concomitant atmosphere of fear, and almost immediately Pennsylvania led the way back from abolition. There was an explosion in a factory which was—erroneously, as it turned out—attributed to "spies and saboteurs." This caused considerable public alarm, and the House of Representatives was induced to throw out an abolition bill that it had been previously ready to approve, and that the Senate had in fact already passed. In 1919, Missouri, which had outlawed the death penalty only two years previously, restored it as the result of a hysterical public outcry occasioned by three successive crimes in which policemen lost their lives. And so the story has continued. Since 1917 the number of capital offences under federal law has risen from four to seven. The number of abolition states has dropped from twelve to six.

Now this reversal of the abolition tide in the U.S. need never have happened if the public had been persuaded beforehand that the death penalty was unnecessary for their own protection, and if they had been brought to consider dispassionately the creation of more effective instruments against existing capital crimes. Here was a failure on the part of the American abolitionists. They fought for their cause too much as an end in itself, too little as an essential part of a movement for fundamental penal reform.

This same failure, we are afraid, is being strikingly duplicated in Britain today. For here, too, the long abolition campaign has so far been essentially negative and largely unconcerned with other imperative questions of crime and punishment. Nothing shows this more clearly than the fact that the Silverman Bill envisages only a single alternative to hanging—life imprisonment, which in practice already exists. Moreover, the retentionist "hunch" that a prison sentence, however long, is not an adequate deterrent against murder has been answered merely by quoting statistics

from foreign countries, which can be plausibly dismissed as inconclusive and which—more important—make no appeal to the popular imagination.

Admittedly, the abolitionists' negative approach would matter less, if all future murderers in Britain were conveniently of the Ruth Ellis type, because doubtless public opinion already repudiates execution for these "normal" and "first offence" murderers. But an uproar in favour of hanging, cheer-led by the popular press, is almost certain as soon as a so-called bestial murderer strikes, or a policeman falls to a gangster's bullet. This may happen in the next few months, and if it does the present government will be enormously strengthened in its determination to whittle away the Silverman reform.

Somehow the public must be convinced that the problem posed, alike by the so-called bestial murderer and the professional thug, is, with or without capital punishment, insoluble by existing penal methods. The "bestial murderer" is a mentally abnormal person, who cannot be either deterred or reformed by punishment. What suggestions have the abolitionists made for dealing with him? Only the vague one that he would probably be committed for his natural life either to a special wing in Broadmoor or to the projected East-Hubert institution. But the first of these is not in being, even as a blueprint, and the second —with surprisingly little protest from the abolitionists—is now to be delayed by Treasury cuts. Besides, even if these institutions should become available earlier than expected, one can feel little confidence that abnormal murderers would necessarily be committed to them, considering that Heath, Haigh and Christie were all pronounced sane by government-appointed doctors, and that a formerly certified lunatic, Straffen, is today serving a life sentence in an ordinary prison.

Only treatment can solve the problem of these people. It should be obvious, even to Lord Goddard, that society would be more effectively protected from them, if they were cured, or, failing that, indefinitely confined, before they murdered rather than hanged afterwards. And even the Archbishops, one must hope, would be prepared to forgo a little of their insistence on retribution if this result could be achieved. Obviously it could not be in every case. Nevertheless, a well-known American psychiatrist* has estimated that no less than forty per cent. of homicides in his country are predictable and could be prevented by proper treatment. Furthermore, it is indisputable that many psychopathic and abnormal offenders are potentially homicidal, but do not begin their criminal career by killing. Thus both Heath and Haigh had been in the hands of our penal authorities long before they committed murder, and if their condition had been diagnosed and treated when this opportunity arose, their victims might be alive today.

This is the chief lesson to be learnt from pioneer work going on in certain foreign countries. Sweden, for instance, has for more than ten years had a state-run psychiatric service for diagnosing all convicted criminals, except petty offenders, before they are sentenced. There the criminal is sent to one of 14 national clinics, where he receives a thorough neurological and psychiatric examination that may last as long as two months. A medical recommendation to the court follows. If the offender is adjudged normal he is sentenced to an ordinary prison for a fixed term; and, if insane, committed to an asylum. But there is a third alternative. An offender who is found to "deviate widely from the normal" is sent to a special institution; and though this sentence is an indefinite one, a review board of doctors and laymen can, after a minimum period fixed by the court, authorise the offender's release, when they are satisfied that he is no longer a danger to society.

Some of the Swedish criminals dealt with in this way are potentially homicidal; others have committed murder as their first offence. In the special institutions to which they are sent psychiatric treatment is still in its infancy; but the buildings are small enough (housing from 50 to 100) to ensure that the machine-like coerciveness, inseparable from the running of an ordinary prison, is avoided. The staff, from the governor downwards, try to be guides, counsellors and friends, not impersonal disciplinarians; and their first aim is to build up the morale and self-respect of the inmates who, at the governor's discretion, are allowed three days' home leave every four months. This therapeutic method seems to work in practice; indefinite confinement is extremely rare, and many actual or potential murderers have been returned to the community and become responsible citizens.

In Holland, where pioneering penal work is, broadly speaking, on the same lines as that in Sweden, one remarkable experiment is being carried on which we believe to be unparalleled anywhere else in the world. This is a clinic for abnormal criminals in Utrecht, and it is devoted exclusively to psychiatric treatment. Six highly qualified psychiatrists—nearly as many as are employed in the entire British prison system—give four or five hours of psychotherapy to each inmate every week: an intensity of treatment which compares favourably with that offered in the world's most heavily endowed private mental homes. In this Utrecht clinic nearly half the inmates are trusted to work unsupervised outside the institution; and up to a fortnight's periodic leave is granted in suitable cases. Moreover, although there are eight psychopathic murderers there, the institution is virtually open. Though it is early yet to pass final judgment on this highly imaginative Dutch experiment, which started only two years ago, six inmates have already been discharged as cured.

It may fairly be objected, of course, that the Swedish and Dutch systems, which permit even non-certifiable offenders to be confined indefinitely, are incompatible with British traditions of justice, in so far as they place too much power in the hands of doctors and have too little regard for the rights of the individual. However, a way out of this difficulty is suggested by a law passed some five years ago in Maryland, which guarantees that the final decision on the question of indefinite confinement for an offender is made by a jury. This Maryland law provides that after conviction *and* sentence a criminal may be examined by a board of two psychiatrists and one medical doctor on the motion of either the prosecution or the defence or the prison authority. If the board finds him to be a "defective delinquent", he gets a new jury trial and, if the findings of the board are then upheld, he is committed to a special institution (named Patuxent) for treatment during an indefinite period. The use of the broad definition "defective delinquent" is significant. It shows that the people of Maryland, like the Dutch and the Swedes, have recognised that the incorrigible criminal is more often than not abnormal, and that while society has a right to demand full protection against him, he, as an individual, has (like any other sick person) a right to treatment.

The corollary of all this is surely indisputable: that in the case of an abnormal or inveterately anti-social offender a determinate prison sentence can neither satisfy society's interest nor contribute to the individual's well-being. In fact, more often than not both are further undermined. It is often said, with regrettable smugness by British spokesmen for abolition, that our own penal system has in recent years been revolutionised, and the impression given to the public is that it now leaves little to be desired. Undoubtedly, there are zealous and sincere reformers within as well as outside the British prison service. Nor can it be denied that as a result of their efforts some of the more brutalising disciplines have gone and certain modern techniques of rehabilitation, notably the open camps, have been introduced. But when all is said and done, essentially the system remains, like the grimy fortresses in which it is mostly contained, an inheritance of the self-righteous 19th century, with its real emphasis on retribution. As it failed to prevent crime then, so it is failing now. And of this there is no more dramatic proof than the fact that most of the so-called bestial murderers and nearly all the professional thugs who, retentionists fear, will shoot to kill, have been graduates of our prisons.

We have described a few of the experiments now going forward in foreign countries, with the prime aim of preventing murder. Visionary though these may seem, and embryonic as they still are, they are already proving their worth. They surely provide a more effective answer than statistics to apologists of the rope. Is it not the answer that abolitionists, during this crucial interval, should be proclaiming?

* See Doctor Joseph Catlon in *Behind the Scenes of Murder*: New York, 1940.

Now Read On . . .

In the days before nuclear fission had convinced the average citizen that there was no future in science, science fiction, which deals with the future, was read only by a select few who called themselves *fen* (plural for the science fiction fan), together with those anthropologists and alienists puzzled by the *fen*. Now that it is almost unreasonable to expect any future at all, fictional accounts of what our great-grandchildren are unlikely to achieve have acquired a certain bizarre popularity. Science fiction is rapidly displacing the detective story from the bishop's briefcase, is being discussed at the Athenaeum, broadcast by the BBC, and filmed by Hollywood. It is also being reviewed by the literary critics. The evident difficulties that some of these authorities have experienced in grappling with science fiction, and in particular in assessing originality and credibility, are due to the fact that they have come in halfway through the show. The late-comers, now encountering the genre for the first time, must be told that irreducible minimum which every author expects his readers to supply as background knowledge.

Science fiction has passed through three phases. In the first, Classical or Eo-science-fiction phase, before 1910, the foundations were laid by such masters as Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. Their future is for the most part now in the past. The second, Amazing or Paleo-science-fiction phase lasted from about 1911 to 1937. Science fiction was at that time chiefly devoted to describing future technology and the hair-raising necessities which are to be the mothers of the principal inventions. Since then, in the third, Astounding or Neo-science-fictional phase, the trend has been towards the exploration of the social consequences of innovations of the Paleo-phase. A Neo-phase author will assume in his reader a wide acquaintance both with the accepted vocabulary and the technological advances hammered out by his Amazing predecessors. He is unlikely to explain how his characters arrived in the Andromeda

Nebula beyond a passing reference to a post-relativistic space warp. He will refer to the colonists on the Moon as Lunarians, never Selenites, and assume that we know that they live under pressurised domes housing entire cities. The Earth and its inhabitants are Terra and Terrans (not Tellus and Tellurians). Those who live on Venus understandably prefer to be called Venusians rather than Venerians: their classical education does not extend to Cytherian.

Travel between the planets follows firmly fixed rules. The need for each planet to have a satellite space-station was recognised long before it dawned on more conventional scientists, and the simpler space-ships—those that actually travel through the space separating two planets—tend to be small (no more than a mile long) and use atomic rocket motors. The more sophisticated models are also equipped with artificial gravity and meteor-proof force fields.

Interstellar ships fall into two classes. The first, popular with barbarians such as ourselves in a few hundred years time and with blue-behinded Capellans, are slower than light. These are large, very large, since the voyages last several years at least and may go on for generations. The ships, accordingly, carry a whole community and contain enormous workshops, hydroponic farms and a sort of Noah's Ark of all home-planet life-forms down to viruses (you never know what may come in useful). In the extreme form, the brighter barbarians simply build a drive into their planet, add an artificial sun and are off, planet and all. Many are the grim tales concerning such a ship, several hundred years out, in which the majority of the populace have lapsed into pre-technological ways, while the Gallant and Dedicated Minority hold them off with one hand and run the ship with the other. The survivors of such expeditions sometimes had one last surprise in store—to be greeted on arrival by a fully developed civilisation of their own species. This was because the men they left behind had discovered how to travel faster than light, usually by overdrive or space-warp, which generates enormous gravitational potentials to warp the space around the ship and propel both warp and ship through normal space. This neatly circumvents relativity, which is silent about the limiting speed with which space can travel through space. A curious consequence of the overdrive was that anyone using it to return home tended to arrive back *before* he set out. This led to severe overpopulation of the Earth with numerous replicas of the more adventurous travellers, until the laws of relativity were repealed. Time travel itself by co-ordinate transformation, whereby a sector of space was converted directly into time, enabled both past and future to be thoroughly explored. Philosophical and ethical difficulties about the situation resulting from a man marrying his grandmother before his father was conceived were resolved by the discovery of parallel universes. The reader must be aware that there exist an infinity of universes co-present in space but differing in time (paratime) and another infinity of universes co-present in time but in different dimensions of space (hyperspace), in which all potential causal chains permissible under the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle are in fact realised. Time travel evidently involves movement from one such causal nexus to another without permitting direct interference with one's own past.

The insight into wave-mechanics provided by this discovery led to the invention of the matter-transporter. If the Schroedinger Wave pattern of a material object in the Solar System is made to interfere with itself so that the probability of its being here is zero, while simultaneously the probability of its being at Sirius is made unity, it will be transmitted instantaneously to Sirius without passing through any intermediate space. This is a very high-class system of transportation indeed and well worth inventing, since it not only revolutionises space travel, but also surface travel, and in addition abolishes the need for such things as removal contractors, cranes and tea-trolleys. Some fortunate people can produce this effect by a mere effort of will, thus accounting for teleportation and poltergeists. With these phenomena the reader ought to be familiar: at any rate, he must have heard of ESP and of J. B. Rhine. Writers are generally agreed that a society based on ESP will be better, happier, less criminal and for some reason, less addicted to technology than ours. In addition it is agreed that any telepathic mutant would be hounded to death by those not so fortunate, i.e., you and me. Almost all human telepaths are mutants, and usually arise because their parents were irradiated by gamma rays either in outer space or when close to an atomic bomb explosion. ESP types are undoubtedly the most popular mutation, although almost all imaginable distortions of the human frame will also be found from time to time.

Extra-terrestrial biology contains a large number of creatures who have evolved on worlds whose conditions are not far removed from ours. A similar environment obviously produces similar evolutionary results, so that you must be prepared to meet *humanoids*, creatures very similar to us but possessing, for instance, three eyes, or webbed feet. These are not to be confused with *androids*, which are apparently human creatures synthesised in the laboratory. Earlier and cruder models contained electronic nervous systems and were really a particular species of the genus robot.

At one time the lower orders of extra-terrestrial biology were full of eight-armed gorillas and bats the size of space-ships living in the interstellar void. These are now definitely discredited and are contemptuously lumped together as BEMs (bug-eyed monsters). Present-day alien life forms, if benevolent, tend to be amiable shapeless lumps of goo with IQs of about 1,000, an infinite condescension for the follies of man, and names like Fweep, Skurg or Alpha. If malevolent, they usually turn out to be filterable viruses.

Robots long since ceased to be the Iron Men of the cartoonist and became the grey boxes full of valves beloved of the automatician. Now inextricably mixed with electronic computers and cybernetics, they range in importance from machines which literally govern worlds, the human part of government being confined to one army of men feeding data in and another army carrying out directives, down to houses which are machines attuned to the mental vibrations of the owner so that his slightest wish is its command. (Pushing buttons is démodé.)

We must point out to the reader that amongst the many devices accepted by Astounded Scientists are some whose sole justification is that it enables the story to proceed. For example, there is the automatic translator: unless your story is concerned with the difficulties of communication (and a lot are: how is *your* semantic theory?) you can't leave your characters for months saying to each other, "the hurkle sat on the gurg," so your hero wheels out the automatic translator and says "Don't let's fight this, kid", into one end and it comes out in Vegan at the other end. The red-haired Vegan beauty hiccups into her end, and it comes out "This thing is bigger than the both of us, honey," and you can get on with the plot.

Sociologically and anthropologically science fiction is disappointing. Societies tend to follow one of three patterns. One is filled with inter-

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planetary corporations full of skullduggery, an impotent government reeking of corruption, a sadistic police force, a brass-bound army and a fraternity of interstellar frontiermen—space pilots, scientists and prospectors—who are all good all the way through. Another pattern combines and exaggerates the worst features of the totalitarian state and of bureaucracy. These states go in for torture and genocide and are characterised by an incredible stupidity so that they are easily outwitted by any one red-blooded American (thinly disguised as a Terran). The third society is evidently the SF Utopia. It turns up many times and is nothing but our old friend the Noble Savage. Village communities, living close to the soil, but with all mod. cons. laid on; disdaining machines, although they can knock them up in an afternoon when threatened with war; and nearly always telepaths. Their morals and religion are uniformly Accepted 20th-Century Conventional (probably because the U.S. Post Office is notoriously old-maidish about what goes through its mails). Taken all round they are about as exciting as a colony of penguins.

This is by no means all the background to SF but with it the startled beginner will not be quite so much at a loss should he have the misfortune to be confronted by a story in which Xecue, a Plutonian Android, is adrift in normal space, his rhodomagnetic generator having been sabotaged by Tshon, a Castor humanoid, at present under the control of a colony of Scipian viruses, who are fleeing from Jerry and Abigail, two young micropsychobiologists who are in love but cannot marry because of the machinations of Jasper Oglethorpe, an intergalactic financier who holds the monopoly of wedding rings in the Universe. However, a telephatic Gurk, named Fu, is aware of their plight. Now read on . . . .

ANTHONY STAGGERS

Fleet Street Notebook

TAKEN by and large, the British press has, I think we can all agree, done pretty handsomely by Miss Marilyn Monroe. The *Daily Mirror* gave her on Monday not merely the whole of its front page but the whole of its two centre pages as well, such coverage being judged as necessary to give adequate reportage to her press conference—"Read the whole fantastic story, curve by curve." The *Daily Sketch*, although a shade behind in space, has more than caught up in chivalry by giving her a bicycle. As she received it—in the River Room at the Savoy—"her lips," we are reliably informed by the *Sketch* reporter, "opened moistly." The *Mail*—"The real secret of Marilyn Monroe," its reporter discovered, is "that her eyes are always sad"—the *Express*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Herald* have all given her and the famous dress with the "nylon midriff" front-page treatment. Even the *Daily Telegraph*, while keeping her off the front page, gave two photographs and nearly a column report on its middle page to her Sunday press conference. The *Observer* devoted its "Profile" to her, the *Sunday Times* a three-column picture and a story on its front page, the *Daily Worker* a special feature on her and her husband, Mr. Miller: "A Couple With Courage."

Miss Monroe might indeed well be tempted to believe that she had definitely arrived in British life. She would be wrong, as I have no doubt her husband, or if not her husband then Sir Laurence Olivier, will already have informed her. She seems, to judge by her conduct at her press conferences, to be a brave as well as an intelligent girl and I have no doubt she will do her best to bear up. But the fact has to be faced that, up to the time of writing, she does not exist so far as readers of *The Times* are concerned. They were not, as those of practically every other paper in the country were, vouchsafed the information on Saturday morning that she had actually left New York. The vast crowd of reporters and photographers that thronged to meet her at the airport, the hardly less vast crowd that beat a track to the Savoy to question her on Sunday, brought not even the tiniest ripple to *The Times*'s newsroom. Careful search of each one of its eighteen pages on Monday failed to disclose any mention whatever of her name. She did not make the society page—that would, perhaps, have been too much to expect, although I had a wild hope that *The Times* had followed her to Surrey when I saw a piece headed "Celebrity In The Garden." It turned out, however, to be about a flower.

I am sorry about this. I hold no particular brief for Miss Monroe, indeed by some odd mischance I find myself one of what must be a very tiny, and is manifestly a very underprivileged, group that has never even seen her on the screen. She has made so far no impact whatever on my life. But *The Times* is a newspaper—indeed, according to some of its readers, still the greatest newspaper in the world. And I think a newspaper ought at least to mention an event which clearly excites and interests a very large number of people and by reason of that fact alone has some place in the social history of our time.

There are other serious papers in the world besides *The Times*. Few of them turn so contemptuously blind an eye on the news that interests the majority as *The Times* has increasingly come to do of late. The *Manchester Guardian* never makes that mistake. Its awareness of the world around it, even when it turns out to be a slightly cock-eyed world, is what gives it a distinction that *The Times*, for all its solid merits, notably lacks in these days. Nor does that great rival of *The Times* for the palm of world leadership in opinion-forming daily journalism, the *New York Times*, find it necessary to guard its prestige by so exclusive a disdain for the interests of the man and woman in the street, and for the changing patterns of modern society.

This particular instance is perhaps of no great importance. I daresay most of *The Times* readers can get by without direct news of Miss Monroe's activities, and I am quite sure Miss Monroe can get along without *The Times*. And I daresay its austere judgment of what should interest its readers will be worth another pat on the head from Lord Salisbury's feather-pated cousin of Selborne who wants the Lords to continue the good work they have done in voting for the rope by passing a bill requiring all newspapers to be licensed as they were in the good old 17th century, licences to be withdrawn from any that fail to maintain the standards "evinced by *The Times* newspaper." But I cannot believe that Sir William Haley can really find himself content with the approval of Lord Selborne, even although *The Times* which had no room for Marilyn did find space for a report of his mad little bill without so much as the flicker of an eyelid at its content. Not to mention Miss Monroe is no more than simply silly. But it is significant of what appears to be a steadily growing tendency on the part of *The Times* to exclude from its columns more and more of the news which the majority of ordinary people find interesting.

The Times, in fact, is steadily becoming—as of deliberate policy it would seem—a much less comprehensive newspaper in the sense of adequately mirroring the age to which it belongs than it used to be. Certainly it is a less good newspaper in this sense, and in some others, than it was under Barrington-Ward's editorship or even, despite his manifest errors of judgment on many matters, Dawson's. Someone should remind Sir William Haley that his great exemplors, Barnes and Delane, were both very much all-round journalists with a keen eye for news in all its aspects. To be the journal of the Establishment is no doubt a noble destiny. Certainly it is one *The Times* has of recent years never found it easy to escape. But it is not—or ought not to be—the be-all and end-all of journalism. Sir William Haley, for whom I have a great respect, has tidied up *The Times* a good deal since he took over. But if only he would let humanity break in just now and then, what a very much better paper it would be. And how very much more readable.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

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The Statues

LUIS SAUMELS proposed that we should visit the statues. These statues reside about two miles outside Tarragona and cover about an acre of ground. Oddly enough, very few people in the town have very much to say for them, and they are speedily going to ruin. Perhaps it is always the same with the familiar treasures, and only a few devotees from Barcelona come to pay homage to this extraordinary work. However, Luis Saumels has always remained faithful to the memory of the dead sculptor, and is about to purloin one of the statues (numbers of which lie about the grounds in attitudes of embryonic despair).

We set out one afternoon after lunch, accompanied by Maria Antonia, Luis, her *novio*, and a young man called Antonio. I had known Antonio during the summer, in the tourist-hunting season, in the company of Alfredo (the young man who had been imprisoned in the paper prison). During this period the youth of Tarragona are gay and industrious, tracking down foreign girls in the Mirador, the railway stations and the hotels. But in the winter they become moody and restive, and dream of Paris and London and liberty and houses with central heating. It is no over-statement to say that attractive foreign women are changing the face of Spain with far more effectiveness than any revolution. When I walk on the parade in front of the Mirador I am often stopped by young men with starry expressions who show me photographs of Gertee, or Louise or Gretchen. Then long letters. "Tell me," said one of them, pointing to an address, "is Edgware a very beautiful place?"

For them, in the winter, Tarragona is a place to endure. *Aguantar* is the Spanish word, and is a word which crops up again and again in any conversation. "Why are you in Tarragona?" they ask. "There is Salamanca, there is Barcelona, there is Placencia, there is Valladolid." Always somewhere else, a true Spain, a Spain of more intellect and worth. They know that I am a writer, and they look at me with affection, but a little askance. Foreign writers stream through Spain, peering at the *tipico* pattering towards the click of a castanet, clapping gypsies on the back, out bull-fighting the bullfighter.

Antonio, who was doing his military service, was in one of these wintry moods. "A folkloristic afternoon," he cried, and almost spoilt the day. Much of Tarragona, untidy as it may be, has points of great beauty and, as one leaves the path leading to the Oliva and goes north, has more loveliness in the winter than in the summer. But the young men are blind to it. They would prefer to be in Edgware or Paris.

Although it was early January the almond trees were already in blossom and powdered the trees above the hard, spare earth. In the distance was the smile of the sea. After following the road for about a mile, we made inland along a rough track until we came, unexpectedly, to a clump of rose bushes, in full bloom, and a stretch of wattles. About a hundred yards away we could see the statues.

Luis Saumels led me to them in a great state of excitement, a tender smile playing around his mouth. He had great love for them, and memories, and it was something of a pilgrimage for him. "It is terrible that nothing can be done to save them," he said. "They are in a far worse state than they were a few weeks ago." Indeed, hatred seemed to have been wreaked on them; many were headless, others rolled, limbless, on the ground, hands and feet clawed among the cactus.

The area of the statues contained avenues with seats of vantage, and a covered well which had great repute for the purity of its water. The sculptor's name was Jordá. He had died some years back. His trade was that of a canvas-shoe maker, and at the age of seventy his head suddenly filled with an illumination of statues, and he spent all his money buying sacks of cement, which he carried on his back from Tarragona up to the little house on his property, one every day. There he valiantly mixed the cement and moulded it with his canvas-shoe stitcher. People came to his son (who now lives in Barcelona) and implored him to stop the old man. "He will leave the family penniless," they cried. "It is an enormous folly of no significance, and the price of cement is astronomically high." "As long as he is happy," said the son, "let him make his statues."

And he made his statues. He made well over 300, and the range of his subjects was extremely varied. Garibaldi, Verdaguet, Hippocrates, Nero, Venus, Ferdinand and Isabella, Mistinguett, Raquel Meller, Aphrodite, and a number of Spanish generals. There were also rustic Catalan peasants, tritons, mermaids, strange birds on the top of pyramids, lions, camelopards, and serpents in trees. There was a miniature bull-ring, with picador, horse, banderillero, matador, and bull (all disastrously broken up by stupid little boys). Into one statue Jordá had poured all his art and despair. It was that of a rather foreshortened and muddy woman in a state of desperate prostration. Behind her one could see various animals, generals and Greeks. This statue was called "The moment afterwards". Many of his friends and acquaintances must have paused before this work, puzzled and perhaps a little depressed, before passing on to the gathering at the well.

"At the conclusion of the Civil War," said Luis Saumels, "quite a number of people wondered whether Jordá would destroy his generals, since all of them were Republican. But he simply changed the names at the feet of the statues. It was a pure stroke." "Generalisation," I said. "Yes," said Luis, "Jordá might have liked that."

The effect of the statues was rich and powerful. They were crowded together as though battling to be noticed, owls, and camels, and dancers and poets, and their sightless eyes gazed across the avenue with an enormous early melancholy.

Jordá had never had the slightest bit of training, but there was a purity and pathos in his treatment of anatomy. All the faces were rather alike, generals or gods, and you had to look at the titles on the plinths to recognise them. With animals and birds he had a fine Assyrian touch, and they seemed to appear suddenly at one's elbow, or overhead, or gleaming with innocent eye behind a cactus bush. I think that, in Jordá's head, there were Aztec dreams and early Greek fancies which battled for his hard-won cement.

In his hey-day, Jordá kept the area of the statues as clear and clean as a rose-bed, and put notices in his own brand of Castilian at the foot of many. "Please do not touch these works." These words, now, looked very pathetic. The most elaborate notice was inscribed at the foot of Hippocrates. "This man," said the notice, "began medicine and some doctors came here from Barcelona to visit him." Indeed doctors seemed to have been the most fervent admirers of Jordá's work, and I noticed the enthusiasm of Luis, Maria Antonia's *novio* (who was a doctor), for Jordá's pleasure garden. Antonio and Maria Antonia were not touched at all.

In those days it was greatly visited, and Jordá sat in his favourite spot, near the statue of Hippocrates, and received his friends, then, after they had strolled among the statues, took them to the well and they drank the good sweet water, discussing, no doubt, far-off lands. Later bus trips were organised from surrounding districts.

"I knew Jordá well in those days," said Saumels, "and it was the things he said and the way he said them which most impressed me. He was so entirely sure of himself. He was a tall, well-built man, bald, and stood among his statues like the king of an old country. The thing I most regret is, that I never recorded those conversations, they had so much grace and salt."

We returned to Tarragona, and on our way back along the road, we heard the jingling of horse harness and singing. There was still the last trace of a sunset, and I felt moved, very moved. "Listen," I said to Saumels. "I'm listening," said Saumels, "you mean the bells and the singing." There are times when Saumels seems to be intent on capturing things for me, things in the air, whether of humour or spirit. He is a guardian angel of living Spain, and he has a sword. Antonio, walking at the back of us, cried: "A folkloristic horse is arriving." Antonio needs money.

A few days later I discussed Jordá with some other friends, and they looked uncomfortable as though I had mentioned something slightly indecent. "Jordá," one of them said, "but he was a madman." "We don't take that sort of thing seriously," said another. In Spain you have to pass through all the academies, know Latin and Greek and be buried by an Archbishop before they take you seriously. And so the statues fall, and the heads gape among the cactus, and one day soon Hippocrates will be knocked off his pedestal, for all his medicine.

ANTHONY CARSON

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The Arts and Entertainment

The Little Stagione

THIS is the time of year when Covent Garden reverts to type, becoming once more, for a few nights, the Royal Italian Opera. The current *stagione*, all too brief, has consisted of no more than one standard opera each by Verdi and Puccini; but, with Tito Gobbi as Rigoletto and Zinka Milanov as Tosca, it has certainly been distinguished. The word "star" has fallen into disrepute, but each of these singers is the real thing: Covent Garden has seen no better exponent of either role for 20 years or more.

The performances as a whole were of variable quality: the *Tosca* good, the *Rigoletto* patchy. Argeo Quadri, who conducted both operas, is a capable rather than an inspiring musician, with a good ear for timbre and balance and a general inclination to follow the lead of the singers in matters of tempo and rubato. Now that every young maestro is busy persuading us that he is a second Toscanini, Signor Quadri's traditional style came as rather a relief. He was at times undramatic, but he was not unmusical; if he gave his singers plenty of licence, they did not abuse it.

Signor Gobbi offered a wonderfully rounded and complete impersonation of Verdi's jester, imaginatively conceived and executed with all the resources of a fine voice and a dramatic temperament. His appearance was arresting and rather horrible, with a dreadful hump tightly encased in red velvet and a row of gilt buttons along the very spine, so that from behind he looked like some monstrous article of Victorian furniture. When he swung round, one saw a face gleaming with intelligent malice, distorted by scorn, yet in repose not without a sort of nobility. His voice is a clear and remarkably steady high baritone, a little dry in timbre, and for that reason not so melting as might be wished in the D flat and A flat cantabile passages with Gilda, but always controlled by a fine sense of style. His encounter with Sparafucile and his great scene with the courtiers were treated with a surprisingly wide variety of inflection and of rhythm; his "Pari siamo" sounded, as it should, like a profound Shakespearean monologue. The other two principals were hardly worthy of such a protagonist. Nicola Filacuridi, as the Duke, had little to offer between an ingratiating mezza voce and a domineering fortissimo: "La donna è mobile" sounded more angry than gay, and there was little honey in his approach to Maddalena in the Quartet. Hilde Gueden was miscast as Gilda. Her tone was reasonably pure, though not entirely steady; her style, both musically and dramatically, was too mannered and too dispassionate.

Tosca was more evenly cast. Tagliavini repeated his Cavaradossi of last year; the part is too heavy for him, but he is a tasteful and sensitive singer, and he does particularly well in the more lyrical scenes in Act III. Scipio Colombo made an effective, if not very polished, Scarpia. But the great thing of the evening was the Tosca of Zinka Milanov. She truly *sang* the part, sang it from end to end, from the off-stage "Mario! Mario!" right up to the round, full high B flat with which she launched herself over the battlements of the Castel Sant' Angelo; and the pleasure of hearing Puccini's music for once neither screamed nor shouted, but positively sung, was great. Her voice is of a rich, smooth texture: not very youthful, powerful or vibrant, it is true, for Mme Milanov is 50 (an age at which many famous Toscas of the past were already in retirement), but warm and beautifully even throughout its range; in everything she does we feel the influence of good schooling and sound tradition. Evidently she did not waste the three years of her youth which she spent as a pupil of Milka Ternina, that great Yugoslav soprano who was London's first Tosca besides ranking among the most famous of all Brünnhildes and Isoldes. The impress of an old and better way of singing was discernible again and again in Mme Milanov's performance: in the gently soaring curve of some high-lying phrase, in the careful observance of grace-notes, in a liberal but entirely justifiable use of portamento, in the glorious but well controlled outburst at "Egli vede ch'io piango!" just before her second exit in Act I, in the haunting, penetrating pianissimo of her last words to Cavaradossi in Act III. Her dramatic conception of the part, like her musical interpretation, was more gentle than usual. This was a womanly Tosca; even in Act I she never seemed, like so many Toscas, an imperious and jealous virago from whom any Cavaradossi would be glad to escape; she was always tender. Besides, when she sang, with a teasing upward glance, about their little refuge outside the walls of Rome, one had the distinct impression that life in "la nostra casetta" might be not only passionate but rather amusing—that this Tosca could be very good company. Giving the predatory Scarpia anxious little shoves in Act II, she did not always avoid the note of unwanted comedy, but she handled the dramatic climax admirably and was splendid at "E avanti a lui tremava tutta Roma!" It is a pity that the Third Programme has not found room, in the course of its endless repetitions of Mozartian opera, to broadcast this outstanding performance. Let us hope that Covent Garden, having belatedly secured the best Italian dramatic soprano of the day, will persuade Mme Milanov to return next year in some of her great Verdi roles.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The Stone Guest

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS has arrived for supper in Act IV. It was bound to happen despite the complacent view that he was killed off in Act I. He is not wearing any decorations upon his basalt breast. No O.M.s, no C.H.s, no knighthood, not event the traditional title of Commendatore. But he has 194 works at present on view at the Tate Gallery, the sight of which, in bulk, must surely shake some little libertine Dons. Horrible discipline, not a dribble of paint down the canvas and the forms cruelly carved, no romance, no delicious ambiguity, no good taste, no *petits morceaux* for supper. Mr. Lewis no longer cuts up rough, he cuts up as smooth as plate armour and his pictures, all Indian reds and acids, clank down the walls of the gallery like conquistadores, cutting their way through the lush jungle of contemporary art.

What is to be done with these warrior pictures; where do they fit; where to put them? Must one recognise that Mr. Lewis is a great artist or something? Mr. Lewis is unavoidably something. If he did not exist, would it have been possible to avoid inventing him?

The general practice has been to do the worst one can about Mr. Lewis, so perhaps this tradition should be maintained. He is not and never has been a Cubist, any resemblance to Cubists living or dead is purely coincidental. He is not and never has been "painterly," his brushwork gives no sensory pleasure. What he has done has nothing to do with painting, in the sense we have been taught to believe is desirable. Where others made painting, Mr. Lewis made ikons. He was an image-maker in a period when the image itself was, as it still is, required to be subordinate to the means of expression. He was a draughtsman capable of drawing a sharp line through the *Zeitgeist*.

With a bit of luck it would have been possible to avoid the issue Mr. Lewis raised. It might have been practical to shift him off the stage by making him *historically important*, or a grand old man; or, the other way, he might have been dubbed a follower of the Futurists or an offshoot of Cubism or an interesting early abstract painter. This has been tried, but, of course, the portraits got in the way and the drawings shift him out of the company of Balla or Severini or Delaunay or Gleizes, where it would have been so cosy to have stashed him away. If there are ten great portraits since Picasso's "Gertrude Stein," who are they by? They are by Matisse, Modigliani perhaps, Bonnard, Picasso again, Balthus maybe, Sickert, or take your choice, but quite unavoidably the tenth will be by Wyndham Lewis. The portrait of Ezra Pound, for instance, is not something you can argue with.

The problem for the spectator faced with the work of Mr. Lewis, is that he is not on the same side. He is in perpetual opposition and grinning at you in as much as he was ever looking in your direction at all. It is not heartlessness. No one who was a mere tyro and without a heart could paint such dignity and warmth into the portraits of the artist's wife, or infuse the first Eliot portrait with such a sense of meditative reticence, without possessing deep human sympathy. Indeed, the best of the portraits are, as they should be, of persons whom Lewis admires and more than admires. He is not, however, endowed with the kind of gregarious *bonhomie* which makes a Vuillard or an Augustus John portrait so jolly. It is not a sociable gift he has. And it does not look, from this exhibition, as if Vorticism was a movement engendered in terms of the robust collective romps of the Futurists. Rather unfairly, since several of them are men of talent, the other Vorticists collected at the Tate, look rather like a lot of sprats a whale has caught. But then, as Mr. Lewis points out in his catalogue introduction, Vorticism was what he, personally, did and said at a certain period. What Mr. Lewis did both then and later, may be seen at the Tate. What he said has been no less considerable so some of his books, pamphlets and manifestoes may also be seen there excellently displayed in glass cases. However, in one of his pictures, "The Tank in the Clinic," he himself has put several eggheads, "visually logical beings," as he calls them, into a glass case of their own. The visitors to the gallery, eggheads included, do not at first glance appear to be in glass cases, but that is about the only advantage they have.

MICHAEL AYRTON

Garbo and Bette Davis

WHILE the week in Filmlandia may have been all Mrs. Arthur Miller's ("I wanna play Lady Macbeth"), on the screen it has belonged to old stagers: to Miss Bette Davis, now thoroughly entrenched in middle age, and to immortal Garbo. Last year she returned in *Camille*, her masterpiece; now in a season at the Palace Theatre, we may see *Queen Christina*, to be followed by *Ninotchka* and I trust others. No one would pretend that *Queen Christina* is a very good film. It is—apart from Garbo—dull historical romance; and the opportunities are mostly on a low level. But we do enjoy our enigma in men's clothes, flowering unexpectedly at a dressing table; on horseback, in the snow; bending back on swan neck in a kiss; hard-mouthed, tinsel-eyed, and then startlingly beautiful; driving lovers to duels and defying the mob; and finally—and unforgettably—at the prow going off into exile. That last, long, lingering close-up might rank with Chaplin's in *City Lights*, if enough had gone before. As it is, it must capture by itself; and does. In it she is neither exultant nor heartbroken, fierce nor calm: just beautiful. The face continues to shine long after the curtains have taken its place and we are shuffling up the aisle.

The pleasure of seeing Miss Davis again within a few weeks allows no doubt of *her* solidity. Then she was the genteel-heroic spinster, now she rises out of family disappointments and poverty in the Bronx. *Wedding Breakfast* (at the Empire) comes from a TV play by Paddy Chayefsky, author of *Marty*. If it doesn't quite match the poignant disclosures of that most appealing film, it does open the door to reality with a throb. A taxi-

driver (Ernest Borgnine) and his wife (Bette Davis): he has saved $4,000 to buy a taxi, she wants her daughter married in white—a "catered affair" (the film's original and stronger title). Her need for a splash—she remembers the monotonous years going back to a ceremony in old cotton—reaches the point of hysteria. They must hire a hall! Champagne! Flowers! Limousines! All the $4,000 is threatened, and excitement, nerves, rumour spread like a cancer. The son-in-law's parents—who don't now need to spend—have rather more money. The leading bridesmaid has less, her husband being unemployed. Money! Money! When you haven't got it, it is the prime instigator of resentments and unhappiness.

The film works out, neatly but feelingly, the tragi-comedy of the semi-poor. Not enough keeps them together, produces divisions. Of course, their poverty isn't what ours would be: a fridge not working properly is its hallmark. The richer in-laws are discovered in a flickering luxury of TV. There has been talk of a honeymoon with a car. Even the unemployed can, at a pinch, borrow $100 for wedding attire. But that doesn't make the tragi-comedy less real. Rather, it is emphasised. The higher standard requires more of a taxi-driver than the average car-owner would feel compelled to in England. But such comparisons don't come to mind till afterwards. The *ananghe* of the Bronx obliterates all else. *Wedding Breakfast* would be a good film without Bette Davis.

With her, the dice are heavily loaded indeed. She employs her voice—that voice with a scale so much larger than any other Hollywood actress's—in a new dull, dumpy, firingly despondent way. And her looks match. She has spread, sagged. Her hair down and her uncorded dressing gown start a shiver; there's a scene—the row of a lifetime—between her and her taxi-driver, with the pair in undress, which would seem final, if it weren't—as she says to her daughter—that after so long nothing makes much difference. Then she is cheated by events of her splash; takes it with a smile, plans for a more intimate future. This may seem a mild betrayal, but I don't think it spoils the film. Perhaps up to that point things had been seen a little too tragically. The balance isn't perfect, and there's overacting in a minor role and at times artificiality; but the piece lives, and Miss Davis has triumphed.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A Small Slice of Sop

AFTER arguments and hesitations lasting some six months, the Postmaster-General is expected to announce within the next few weeks the Government's decision on the Independent Television Authority's application for the £750,000 grant provided for in the Television Act.

Resistance has come from the Treasury, on the usual grounds of economy, and it seems unlikely that the whole £750,000 will be granted—even though that sum may be granted every year, and the ITA has now been in existence for nearly two years. My guess is that the answer will be a slightly lemon-flavoured Yes: a sum much smaller than the maximum possible, but sufficient to establish the principle and to support one or two fairly inexpensive programmes (or perhaps to extend the already admirable and lively news-coverage of ITN).

The history of this grant is curious and complex. Conservative MPs are not unanimous in approving it; for the hard-faced, private-enterprise hundred per centers mistrust any shadow of the "dead hand." Labour MPs (whose Public Information Group was discussing it this week) are not unanimous in disapproving it.

The argument is indeed nicely balanced. The principle invoked when the grant was first announced was that it was undesirable that a public service such as television should be entirely dependent on income from advertisers. It is perhaps surprising that this principle should have been advanced by a government actively engaged in legislating for commercial television; but it seems to have been intended as a sop to Socialist and ecclesiastical opponents of commercialisation. Opposition spokesmen, however, sniffed at the sop and found it unappetising: some of them denounced the Government for proposing to hand over public money to commercial interests.

On the other hand, it is argued by many Labour MPs that, since commercial TV is now unquestionably in existence, anything which will tend to make it more responsible, to strengthen the ITA *vis-à-vis* the programme-companies, and to make possible the broadcasting of more programmes of quality, is, pragmatically, desirable. Others retort, but *why* use public money for this purpose? Aren't they supposed to produce "balanced" programmes anyway? And there are already some—a few—regular programmes on ITV of the sort which this grant is presumably intended to subsidise: documentaries, a political discussion programme, a half-hour religious programme every Sunday evening. . . . Since the programme-companies have shown that they can afford to put these on without a grant, why relieve them of the duty of doing so?

On the whole, it seems likely that the prospect of making ITV more accountable to Parliament will carry most weight with Opposition MPs, and that they will therefore support the grant (while taking full and legitimate political advantage of the Government's inconsistency in pretending to fight inflation while giving this encouragement to an agency whose main purpose is to increase expenditure on consumption). Some, who envisage competing public corporations as the pattern of television under the next Labour Government, even welcome the grant as a kind of "pilot" scheme for a responsible, non-commercial ITA.

There may be a difference of opinion on the degree of Parliamentary accountability that the grant will justify. Sir Robert Fraser, Director-General of the ITA, sees its status as analogous in this respect to that of the Arts Council, about which Treasury spokesmen do not answer detailed questions in the House of Commons. On the whole, the Table (i.e., Mr. Speaker, through the Clerks), in pursuit of the chimera of an underloaded order-paper, tries to define strictly rather than to expand the area of Ministerial responsibility; but, even without the grant, several detailed questions on the content of ITV programmes—notably one by Mr. Kenneth Robinson about the programmes, criticised here, which Cypriots found offensive—have recently been accepted by the Table, and these presumably constitute a precedent.

Meanwhile, the ITA feels slightly ill-done-by in respect of the grant. As originally announced, in the spring of 1954, it was to be automatic. Then the Government, under criticism, amended the proposal so that the grant became permissive. "The members of the Authority," Sir Robert told me, "don't want to have restrictive powers only. They want to have this money so that they can use it creatively."

Moreover, ITV spokesmen are already beginning to point out that most of the four or five million viewers who can now get both channels prefer the commercial channel more than half of the time. Even if the whole £750,000 were granted it would be a very small cut of the income from licence-fees, in comparison with the BBC's £21 millions (though this, of course, finances sound-radio as well as TV). In a year or two's time, when ITV will have a viewing audience comparable with the BBC's, there may well be a struggle more profound than the impending argument on accountability. Since we provide what more than half the viewers want—the ITV case may run—why shouldn't we have a fair share of the income from licence-fees? If that demand were raised, and pressed in the House, as it might even be successfully if a Conservative Government were still in office, the BBC would certainly break its present aloof silence on the question of the mere £750,000, and join battle.

TOM DRIBERG

The Festival Ballet Company, at the Royal Festival Hall

The Festival Ballet company has returned to its home theatre and opened last week with a London premiere of *Homage to a Princess*. The lean and elongated stage of the Festival Hall is cut by an awkwardly curved rostrum, up and down which the dancers walk with little apparent purpose, except to get out of the way. There is, altogether, a lack of purpose to this work: it is as though the music, choreography and decor were all disputing, though without a great deal of conviction. Partly owing to the rostrum, Michael Charnley's ensembles appear scrappy and formless; it is not until the stage is cleared for the *pas de deux* that there is a sense of conformity. In this movement Belinda Wright and John Gilpin dance with a lightness, accuracy and polish that, as double work, is unsurpassed by any single couple in this country. They are like a pair of highly bred ponies, perfectly matched, going through their elegant and complicated paces. The *pas de deux* is well arranged, though generally the other numbers are unable to keep up with the variety of mood in Stan Kenton's music. André Lavasseur's costumes make the dancers look like red and black spiders. In *Les Sylphides* the *corps de ballet* made up for some scraggy lines by looking extremely pretty against George Kirsta's frail and misty landscape. It is too often forgotten by English directors that simple physical charm is a most important attribute in ballet, especially in the *corps*, where a strong personality is a handicap.

A. F.

Welsh National Opera Company, at Sadler's Wells

In spite of the Verdi enthusiasm of our time, his less famous operas, especially the early ones, remain annoyingly inaccessible to Londoners. To fill this gap, the Welsh National Opera Company have brought to Sadler's Wells, for one week, a wonderful repertory, which fully deserves to be called (though it is not) a "Verdi Festival." The Company's revivals of *Nabucco* and *The Sicilian Vespers* have already

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been described; their production of *I Lombardi*, which opened the current season and will be repeated this Saturday, is conceived in the same spacious and full-blooded manner. The opera resembles its immediate predecessor, *Nabucco*, in the unfailing vigour, the abundant beauty and the frequent naivety of its music; its plot is somewhat more preposterous, though the most preposterous episode—the heroine's vision of the hero singing Italian cantilena in Abraham's bosom—was omitted. Under Warwick Braithwaite, the Welsh chorus and the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra gave a fervent account of the score. Rosina Raisbeck made a striking, if occasionally shrill, Giselda, and Alfred Hallett a sweet-toned Oronte, while Bryan Drake spoke up boldly for baritone villainy and remorse. These three voices blended finely in the long scene of Oronte's conversion and death, which is the greatest single episode in the work. D. S.-T.

Correspondence

CO-EXISTENCE DIALOGUE

SIR,—No one will dispute R. H. S. Crossman's assertion: "I am not prepared to attack policies I have advocated for years simply because they are now propounded by our official spokesmen." But many may wonder whether he is not, without realising it, getting himself into the exactly opposite position and saying, in effect: "I am prepared to advocate policies I have attacked for years, simply because they are now propounded by our official spokesmen."

For it was Crossman who, in that undeservedly forgotten pamphlet *Keep Left*, condemned and rejected, root and branch, Winston Churchill's proposal at Fulton for an Anglo-American alliance, including western Europe, in order to "fend off the menace of Communism and to deter Russian aggression," in the belief that "faced by the overwhelming strength of an Anglo-American alliance, armed with the atomic bomb, the U.S.S.R. would be compelled to withdraw her forces within her frontiers and to remain peaceful." This policy, said Crossman, was "criminal folly" and made "a mockery of the United Nations." Moreover, "if America, supported by the Labour government, organises 'collective security' against Russia . . . the Communist leaders can draw only one conclusion. They will assume the worst and stand stubbornly on the defensive until their scientists have made sufficient atomic bombs to redress the balance of military power." "This sort of 'collective security' is a counsel of despair. In the short term it means ruin for a Europe divided into rival spheres of influence: in the long run it means a third world war."

Today, most of what Crossman predicted ten years ago has come true. In addition, (a) The defence burden and trade war are ruining this country; (b) Nato is a wreck, with barely 12 out of the planned 100 divisions and its whole strategy out of date; (c) the H-bomb has made war suicidal and therefore threats of force futile and the whole concept of "negotiation from strength" meaningless; (d) The post-Stalinist developments of Soviet policy have convinced most of the world that the Soviet Union wants peace and that the challenge of Communism is economic rather than military. Why, in face of his own past and these present realities, has Crossman become a convert now to the necessity for maintaining the American alliance unconditionally?

The choice the Labour Party must make is whether to continue taking the risk of basing our policy on the assumption of a will to aggression in the Soviet Union, or to incur the risk of assuming a Soviet will to peace. The former means we must refloat the wreck of Nato, renounce the hope of substantially reducing our defence burden, and give up any idea of a European settlement and the reunification of Germany. For there is no way to make Nato a going concern without Germany, and no prospect of the Soviet Union agreeing to the inclusion of Germany in Nato. This policy involves continuing the race in H-bombs, although, as Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery once said, at any moment either side, in trying to win the cold war, may, without meaning to do so, start a world war that neither side wants.

Acting on the second assumption means admitting united Germany to the United Nations and to an All-European regional agreement, based on the Charter, for economic and political co-operation, withdrawal of all foreign forces from Germany and eastern Europe, and joint control of the armaments of Germany and her neighbours. One clause in the agreement would stipulate that, once its provisions had come into force, the parties to the agreement would not act on their military obligations under any other treaty without the authorisation of the Security Council. At no stage in this policy should we be in greater danger than we are in today.

Crossman thinks we can cut out defences, unite Germany outside Nato, and yet make Nato effective through nuclear strategy and the trip wire (i.e., small Nato ground forces, including an American contingent and backed by instant readiness, in case of a clash with Soviet ground forces, to "finish the enemy off," as Lord Montgomery has said, by throwing in "atomic bombs, hydrogen bombs, everything we've got.") This is the Dulles strategy of "massive retaliation," plus the idea of involving the Americans immediately and automatically. The trip wire is a device for hair-triggering annihilation by accident. The American people made Dulles eat his words about massive retaliation. I hate to think what they would tell Europeans to do with their trip wire. Nor do I think that a banner bearing this strange device is the standard behind which Right and Left in the Labour Party will unite in the cause of peace.

It will take more than a dazzling display of Crossmanship to evolve out of our deep differences a Labour foreign policy that faces the real issues with courage, intelligence, and a sense of responsibility to humanity. K. ZILLIACUS

HOUSE OF LORDS

SIR,—May I as an Abolitionist, and one who spoke and was Teller for the Abolitionist cause in the House of Lords, protest against your leader of July 14th?

Having been eleven years in the Commons in two parliaments, I can in all sincerity say that the level of the discussion was, if anything, on a higher plane in the Lords, and far from the majority of the peers who voted being "halt, lame, deaf, obscure, senile, forgotten," they are at least as healthy, young, intelligent and distinguished as the ordinary back-bench M.P. of either party. If they conscientiously favoured retention, they were surely in duty bound to vote that way on an issue which in both Houses was treated as non-political, and cut across party lines. The last Socialist government restricted the limits of the House of Lords' action. Surely no one can object to their acting within these limits, in a case where the state of public opinion is at least arguable.

As a strong Abolitionist, I can only express my fears that your attempt to arouse irrelevant, emotional prejudice against the Lords, makes it harder for the serious case of Abolition to be heard, and for the successful passage of an Abolition bill or of a bill making deep changes in the present law regarding murder and capital punishment to go through next Session. ASTOR

45 Upper Grosvenor Street, W.1.

SIR,—Some members of the House of Lords may have had limbs injured or amputated, may hear badly, or may not often speak in parliament. These attributes they share with several members of the Commons, and to describe the "hereditary peers of England" as "the halt, the lame, the deaf, the obscure, etc.," is merely to score a cheap point, and not to lie.

However, those of your readers who saw reports of Lord Salisbury's speech on the abolition of hanging, or those (like myself) who heard him, will know that he did not proclaim "that it was the Lords' duty to resist any Commons measure which *had not* been placed before the electorate." He said that (first as leader of a House which, under the Labour government, had had a large opposition majority), he had made it a general guiding rule not to oppose any Commons measure which *had* been placed before the electorate in party or candidates' manifestoes. It was accordingly quite consistent to allow a free vote (which as expected turned out to resist this particular measure) on a matter which had not been a party issue at the time of the elections.

I have always respected and enjoyed your journal as the honest representation of honest opinions and true facts. The opinions, I hope, will continue to remain genuine, but I am very upset to find from my own experience that some facts are not reported with undistorted verity. MEDWAY

9 Bywater Street, S.W.3.

[Were we misrepresenting Lord Salisbury? His actual words were: "Where issues had not been before the electorate we had to regard it as our function not to oppose the will of the people, the electorate, or even to interpret the will of the people, but very definitely, where we could, to give a breathing space to enable public opinion to crystallise on issues on which they had not been consulted and on which their views were not known."—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

LENIN'S TESTAMENT

SIR,—You attack Communists (including myself) for having "consistently misquoted and misrepresented" the passage about Stalin's rudeness and the desirability of removing him from his post, contained in Lenin's "testament." What evidence do you give?

You assert that Stalin, in a speech of October 23, 1927, changed the wording of Lenin's letter, and quote "E. H. Carr's translation" as your authority for the statement that what Lenin wrote was: "I propose to the comrades to remove Stalin from that position." You assert that Stalin changed this in his speech to read: "The comrades should discuss the question of dismissing Stalin"; and that this is among the "distorted phrases that other Communists, including Rothstein, have employed to suit their purpose."

Are you referring to the translation printed by Mr. Carr in the fourth volume of his *History of Soviet Russia* (pp. 258-9, 263)? If so, this is not his own translation, as he makes clear in a footnote (p. 259): it is the version published by the American Trotskyist Eastman, first in the *New York Times* in 1926 and then in a 1928 collection of Trotskyist documents. The distortion is in this version.

What Lenin wrote was (I quote from the original Russian text, read to the 13th congress of the CPSU at delegation meetings and printed as an appendix to the daily minutes issued during the 15th congress): "*Ya predlagayu tovarishcham obdumat sposob peremeshchenia Stalina s etogo mesta.*" Any competent translator will confirm to you that this means: "I propose to the comrades to think over a means of transferring Stalin from this position." This is what Stalin read out in his speech of October, 1927, what *Pravda* published on November 2, 1927, for all the world to know, what *International Press Correspondence* published in English on November 17, 1927 (though the American-style translation is faulty), what was reproduced by the State Publishing House in the volume *On The Opposition* (1928) mentioned by Mr. Carr—and what *Kommunist* has now published.

You give no other examples of "distorted phrases" from the letter, used by myself or by other Communists—and I venture to assert there are none. May I emphasise that no British Communist, to my knowledge, has ever claimed more than to have published (i) the text of the passage from Lenin's postscript—about Stalin's rudeness, his suggested transfer and the qualifications of his possible successor—which you quoted on June 9, or (ii) a summary (on several occasions) of these three main propositions. At no time have we claimed to have published the full text of Lenin's letter, nor would elementary international solidarity have permitted such publication, so long as it remained a private and unpublished document of the CPSU. I need hardly add that we bear no responsibility either for its non-publication by the CPSU until the present time or for the editing of Stalin's speech of October 23, 1927, in the 10th volume of his works.

You state further that "Communists also have claimed that the 'testament' was read to the 1934 party congress"; and that "on the contrary it was only read to the party leadership on May 22, 1924, when it was decided to withhold the full text from

the delegates." All these statements are quite erroneous, and appear to be based, once again, on careless reading of Mr. Carr's book.

First, Trotsky himself confirmed (as Mr. Carr points out) that the preliminary reading on the date you mention was not to the Central Committee: it was made to the "council of seniors" of the 13th party congress, which opened next day. This body, well known in Russian and other political terminology (though evidently Mr. Carr was not aware of this) as the "senioren-konvent," was a preliminary meeting of representatives of all delegations (from each province of the USSR) to discuss the procedure of congress. It is the nearest equivalent in Russian practice of a Standing Orders Committee.

Secondly, what this body decided was that the document should be read, not at an open session of the congress—which would have entailed its publication, a consequence never intended by Lenin—but at private meetings of all the delegations. And this is what actually happened.

This was confirmed by Trotsky himself, in an article (referring to the "testament" among other letters by Lenin) published by *International Press Correspondence* on July 30, 1925, and widely circulated by British Communists: "The letters were intended for the Party Congresses, and the members of the 12th and 13th Congresses were enabled to take cognisance of their contents in the manner determined upon by the representatives of the Congresses, that is, all the delegations were permitted to read the letters." Similarly, in an article contributed to the *Sunday Worker* of July, 19, 1925, Trotsky wrote of the "testament": "The 13th Party Congress devoted the greatest attention to this and the other letters."

ANDREW ROTHSTEIN

38 Hillway, N.6.

B.M.C. SHOWDOWN

SIR,—I cannot agree with your statements on the B.M.C. dismissals. I fail to see that the attitude of the B.M.C. is intransigent. For some months past now they have been unable to sell their full production of cars and have been working short time. The government credit squeeze, and the new hire-purchase restrictions in particular, have finally forced these mass dismissals upon them. What good is served by increasing their losses with yet more uneconomic part-time working, or by "proper compensation for severance" (whatever that means), you do not point out. If there were any immediate hope of resuming full production, as the B.M.C. obviously at one time thought, the former suggestion would be feasible. The latter suggestion makes one wonder if the converse should apply, and the worker pay compensation when he leaves, even after giving proper notice! Fortunately the car workers seem to take a more realistic attitude, and see no point in penalising themselves over what is not an industrial dispute but an economic disaster.

No one seems to have given much thought to the basic causes or to the solution of this problem. The answer, of course, lies in greatly increased exports. In a world which is buying more cars than ever, Britain cannot even maintain her former rate of car exports, much less increase them. For the first time for many years, we have now yielded our position as the second largest producer of passenger cars in the world to Germany. The main credit for this is shared between Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, who designed the VW some twenty years ago, and the enlightened British engineers who ten years ago reported to the government that the VW car was such a poor design as to render it valueless as reparations from a manufacturing aspect.

The cause of our falling sales overseas is mainly that we do not offer such good value in cars as either the U.S.A. or the West European manufacturers. Increased durability and reliability are, I imagine, the main *desiderata*, together with a far higher standard of mechanical and styling design than has hitherto been shown. Whilst the production engineers have done their job exceedingly (almost too) well, the design staff have lagged far behind, and apart from sports cars, in which we lead the world, we now produce a large range of mechanically stereotyped and aesthetically moribund vehicles. These are not improved by the poor quality of many of the accessories and components supplied to the manufacturers by specialist firms holding virtual monopolies. On the heavily protected home market, these have, until recently, sold well, but in the more or less open competition overseas we have suffered heavily.

In the meantime, presupposing that the manufacturers intend to get down to making better cars as opposed to lots of cars, the Government could do far more towards encouraging exports by, for instance, altering the scale of Purchase Tax on each model so that it is in an inverse ratio to the proportion of that model exported.

PETER BLAIR RICHLEY

East Hill, Ashford, Kent.

THE LANG CASE

SIR,—Last week, London Diary, in commenting on the Lang Case, gave the impression that Civil Servants affected by the security procedure can appeal with legal or trade union representation. This is not so. The Civil Servant may not be represented before the Advisory Body which sits to consider allegations of Communist association. The Civil Service staff associations feel strongly on this point and believe that the denial of this customary trade union facility may damage the interests of the individual officer and the confidence of the Civil Service in the security procedure. Those who advocate the extension of the Civil Service arrangements to cover people like Mr. Lang who work for private firms should be aware of this serious defect which the staff movement will continue to challenge.

J. L. WILLIAMS
General Secretary

The Society of Civil Servants,
Palace Chambers, S.W.1.

A SLIGHT CASE OF APARTHEID

SIR,—It is bad enough that the new university is to be segregated; but let us not be humbugs about the reasons for it. When we, or Dr. Adams, start justifying segregation on the grounds that it meets with African wishes, we are using some very old and dangerous arguments.

I quote from an article by Mudzonga Webapu in the *African Weekly* of May 9: "To those of us, both Africans and Europeans, who live in this country, it is not necessary to expatiate on the fact that differential halls were the only terms on which public opinion—European public opinion—could accept a multi-racial university . . . Dr. Adams has been misguided in his stand. . . . It would be enough for Dr. Adams to say 'We will not carry public opinion with us if we do not provide separate hostels' and leave it at that. This is a good and sufficient reason for separate hostels. To bring in polygamy, superstition and food to justify separate residences is nonsense. Does it really matter whether your father or grandfather has half-a-dozen wives at home? The important point is that you, as an individual, have been judged a fit and proper person to be a student. . . . The only food Africans eat as a rule which Europeans do not eat is *sadza* . . . if Africans earned more and could spend more on food there would be less *sadza* eaten in African homes." (*Sadza* is maize porridge.)

I spoke to a large number of Africans during my recent trip home about this business. It is clear they think segregation is necessary because of European, not African, backwardness.

But there is another feature about this university which is even worse, I think, than the segregation. It is that the Minister of Internal Affairs has the right to dismiss any African student at any time without giving any reasons for it. This is provided for in one of the amendments to the Land Apportionment Act.

DORIS LESSING

BERTOLT BRECHT

SIR,—With his "Little Bang at Brecht," Mr. T. C. Worsley has most courageously, and most effectively, dispelled the cloud of adulation by which a few English critics have elevated this author to "the greatest living playwright"—before a single one of his plays has been shown on the regular London stage. There is only one point on which he is wrong (apart from the minor one that he places *Mother Courage* in 15th-century Europe, instead of the 17th century of the Thirty Years' War): he believes that "his sympathies would be with the Poznan rioters, not with the authorities who mowed them down." Does he not know, or has he forgotten, that Brecht, after the historic rising of June 16, sent a telegram of congratulation to the East German government which suppressed the workers with the same brutal force? This author, it would seem, is morally a more objectionable character than even Mr. Worsley seems to believe.

H. F. GARTEN

DOG TULIP

SIR,—T. C. Worsley, in his review of Mr. J. R. Ackerley's *My Dog Tulip*, seems unduly concerned about its effect on the "squeamish pet-lover," whereas he ought to consider its effect on the squeamish pet. The correct criterion was recently indicated by Mr. Frederic Warburg, viz., "Would its tendency be to deprave and corrupt those dogs whose minds are open to immoral influences and into whose paws it might possibly fall?"

NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVAS

126 Harley Street, W.1.

THE NEW RIGHT

SIR,—I am a little surprised to learn from Civil Service Lucky Jim that "In spite of everything the prospective financial rewards of the successful intellectual are far, far greater than the boy he leaves behind at 11 plus." As a schoolteacher doing unskilled work in a steel factory during the summer vacation I find myself at present among men whom I left far, far behind at 11 plus. I have just received my first pay packet—a poor one by the standards of my more experienced comrades; it contains £2 10s. more than I ever made by a week's teaching.

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The New Statesman and Nation, July 21, 1956

A Profile of People's Democracy

by John Freeman

I HAVE just returned from a journey lasting over a month through Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. I was allowed to go wherever I asked, without exception. I was not allowed (or more accurately I was not enabled) to meet everybody I asked to meet. Sometimes the reasons for this were acceptable and appeared genuine—in no country can the foreign journalist count on a trouble-free run; sometimes they were palpably official prevarications. I cannot, for instance, blame the Polish authorities for the fact that Bishop Choromanski, the Secretary General of the Polish episcopate and probably the most able Catholic intellectual in Poland, rebuffed me rudely when I asked to see him; or that Gomulka, who has been living quietly in his Praga flat, absorbed in delicate negotiations about his possible comeback, was not available to the press. I felt more amusement than annoyance at the embarrassment of the Hungarian Foreign Ministry as they tried to invent convincing reasons why I should not talk to Mr. Rakosi without admitting that he had been summoned to Moscow to get the sack. I was sceptical, however, about the inability of the Czech authorities to obtain me an interview with Bohumil Lauschman—or to furnish me with any information on his whereabouts. (Lauschman is a Social Democrat who returned to Czechoslovakia in curious circumstances in 1954. There is something of a mystery about what has happened to him recently.) Some knowledgeable sources in Prague believe—as do many of his *émigré* friends in the West—that he is now in jail. I have also heard it suggested that he has recently left Czechoslovakia. It was a pity I could not establish the facts.

Part of the time I was away I lived a private life with friends; part of the time I was escorted by official guides. Some of the interviews I had were formal affairs, officially supervised; but I had enough time (and contacts) in each of the countries I visited for private, informal and casual conversations with unofficial—including anti-Communist—sources.

When I set out I was preoccupied with the task of inquiring about the political changes which were expressed by the 20th Congress. What were the nature of the changes? What were the forces behind them? Were they likely to be permanent? Before I had been very long in Poland, the first of the countries I visited, I found that these questions cannot be intelligently asked or intelligibly answered without a thorough examination of the nature of a People's Democracy. The western conception of the base on which recent policy changes have taken place is muddled and inadequate; and it is impossible to assess the changes without a much closer examination of what is changing.

The first thing to understand, then, is that a social revolution has taken place in the People's Democracies. The institutions of capitalism have been overthrown and no internal centres of power remain to organise a counter-revolution. The present régimes are in varying degrees unpopular and tyrannical; they may—and I hope they will—be compelled by pressure from below to modify their methods and policies. But, short of war, the workers are going to struggle for freedom and a better life within the framework of their new system. Nor, despite the cruelties which have been perpetrated, despite the disappointment at low living standards, despite the dislike of leaders who have too often shown themselves more conscientious as Russian stooges than as Socialists, do I believe in the existence of a general will to change the system back to the capitalism or "capitalist feudalism" which preceded it.

Thinking over and rationalising scores of conversations I have had in recent weeks with thoughtful and responsible Communists at various levels, I believe that there are three propositions which may be said to serve as "marker posts"—common to all the People's Democracies—staking out the area within which, in the foreseeable future, national manœuvre and internal struggle is likely to take place: (1), no activities (national or sectional) are considered permissible which threaten the important interests of the U.S.S.R.; close military alliance with the Soviet Union will form the permanent foundation of foreign policy. (2), existing frontiers are to be regarded as final. I do not know how realistic this proposition might prove to be in the face of pressure from a reunified and perhaps Socialist Germany; but I can report that the Polish leaders are utterly convinced the Russians will never betray them over the Oder-Neisser line. (3), there can be no reversal of the basic economic change.

The Basic Assumptions

The first question which strikes the western observer is: who has established these markers? That question was not clearly answered to me—perhaps it cannot be. The best definition I can give is that they represent a synthesis of the basic assumptions on which Communists in Russia and the satellites are so far agreed. Soviet security is one factor involved; so is the need of the People's Democracies for a "big brother" to help them in their industrialisation and to strengthen them against western strategy in all its aspects—military, economic and political. Another is the view which a number of people expressed to me that if "polycentricism" is to develop, it is necessary to establish in some rational form the limits within which individual policies can operate without disintegrating the Soviet bloc. The first of these "markers" is the one which provokes most argument both inside and outside the People's Democracies. Its degree of importance may vary somewhat from country to country. In Poland, for instance, I have no doubt (nor I think have most Poles) that the ultimate sanction against any policy which seemed to imperil Soviet security would be some sort of Russian occupation. Geography is the foundation of this particular relation. Czechoslovakia, on the other hand, is not comparable as a strategic gateway to the U.S.S.R.; and there is much less obvious preoccupation with the necessity of "keeping in with the Russians" in the Czech party than there is in the Polish.

Still, it is broadly within these three "markers" that policy is going to develop; and inside the field of manœuvre which they define, the struggle for freedom, bread, homes and eventually washing-machines is going to be fought out by people who are at present short on all four. Inside that field national policies will evolve on similar, but probably not identical, lines. Josef Cyrankiewicz, Prime Minister and, since the death of Bierut, the key figure in Poland, observed to me in the course of a long interview: "Poland is building Socialism differently from the U.S.S.R. We have our own problems and must find our own solutions to them. These need not necessarily be followed by the other countries—and I don't suppose they all will be." The point of quoting that remark is that it was made before the publication of the Tito communiqué in Moscow which bestowed the *imprimatur* of the Kremlin on polycentric leadership. Tito, for the present, symbolises the limit of independence which the People's Democracies can claim; and I came to the conclusion that even the Polish leadership—of necessity the most vulnerable to Russian pressure—is prepared to use to the full the ground available for manœuvre.

On the whole these three propositions seem realistic, if not inevitable, and they had better be accepted as such in the West. What then are the lessons to be learnt? The first is obvious: it is that western policies and propaganda directed towards "liberating" the People's Democracies are outmoded and useless. Especially does this apply to the activities of the *émigrés*. It may not be generally understood in Britain how much the attitude of the western powers seems in the People's Democracies to be dictated by the special interests of groups of *émigrés* who are largely discredited in their native lands. Again and again I was asked whether I realised the harm done by some of the *émigré* activities. Nor did these complaints come only from the leaders or only from Communists. The one person I talked to whom I can truthfully call an "activist" counter-revolutionary begged me to explain the damage which is done to the anti-Communist elements in the country concerned by Radio Free Europe and, to a lesser extent, The Voice of America and even some of the B.B.C. programmes.

Nor is this the whole of the story. I should not shed many tears because western ineptitude is making the job of the active counter-revolutionary more difficult. But the stream of crude, misguided propaganda, coupled with the widespread operations from West German bases of what are claimed to be American-financed and *émigré*-manned cloak-and-dagger groups in the western frontier areas of Poland and Czechoslovakia, is doing more than anything else, by the tension it creates, to impair normal relations with the western powers, to slow down the process of internal democratisation and, inside the leadership, to bolster the prestige of the most anti-democratic elements. Prime Minister Cyrankiewicz cited these operations to me as being the only factor in the Polish situation which could in certain circumstances "become of sufficient objective importance to reverse the trend" of de-Stalinisation.

Despite the scale of operations, however, I can find no real evidence that this external intervention in Poland and Czechoslovakia—it appears to be much less serious in Hungary—has the support of any but a handful of extremists and adventurous adolescents. The fact is that the *émigrés* in the West are facing a basic challenge to their position. If they still consider themselves Poles, Hungarians and Czechs, with their original patriotism preserved intact, surely they must now return to fight their battles from inside. This may be an uncomfortable choice, but it is the inevitable one. I talked to returned *émigrés*, and discussed with them the way in which they are treated, in both Poland and Czechoslovakia; and I am certain that for the present genuine amnesties are being offered to

those who return. Nor do I doubt that the same is true in Hungary, where I did not discuss the problem in so much detail. I do not overlook the risk that the situation may change again; but that is a risk which the *émigrés* must face if they claim the right to intervene in the internal affairs of their countries of origin. Of course, a large number of *émigrés* are settled in work and family life in their new countries; and for these there is no question of return. But all who now choose to remain abroad should understand that, by doing so, they are losing any influence they may once have enjoyed among their compatriots. It is, after all, difficult for Poles or Czechs who have to sweat it out at home to feel respect for those who, from the shelter of a hostile country, promote activities which at best are aimed at sabotaging the system and which can easily lead to bloodshed and so to reprisals.

A Lesson for Labour

The second lesson follows closely from the first. Once it is clear that the People's Democracies are here to stay and that they have a field of manœuvre inside which their policies will evolve individually, then the present Labour Party attitude of near-boycott is obviously futile. I hope it may now be changing. Mr. Robens's recent visit to Poland and Czechoslovakia did a great deal of good both because he spoke bluntly and fraternally and because he convinced his hosts that he was seriously concerned to find out the facts. One effect of the estrangement between the Labour Party and eastern Europe is the appalling ignorance in Labour circles about what the People's Democracies are. This is why so much of the international work of the Labour Party (and above all, of the Socialist International) seems to be irrelevant in the eyes of just those people (mostly the younger generation) who are committed to support of their own system, but who do not regard western Socialists as social Fascists. Yet I was encouraged to find how very seriously they have taken some of the criticisms that have appeared in this journal. This is a group which it is worth trying to influence; and either the British Labour movement has some serious contribution to make to the argument about how Socialism should be built, or it hasn't. If it has, it must get in and make it. Otherwise, our case will go by default, as to a great extent it does at present. The People's Democracies are basically different from the U.S.S.R., in that their people remember and still have some personal connections with the mainstream of European Social Democracy. It is true that in all the People's Democracies the Social Democratic parties have fused with the Communists, and it is not realistic to suppose that this organisational fusion can at present be undone. But the two streams of thought have by no means entirely fused—least of all in Poland—and the Labour Party could have much more influence on the hybrid system which is developing in the People's Democracies if it would risk the contamination of mixing a little more freely with those it seeks to influence.

Moreover, western Socialists will sooner or later have to recognise another fact which at present it is convenient to ignore. Despite the cruelties and the bungling which have characterised the People's Democracies hitherto, social attitudes and an economic pattern are gradually evolving which bear *some* relation to what *any* Socialist must recognise as being his aim. For instance, an impressive capital accumulation has taken place, without the incentive of private profit and at a speed which certainly would not have been possible under any system of private enterprise. It is true that the people of Poland and Hungary—the Czechs are in a somewhat different situation—are as yet able to consume very little of the fruit of their labours. There are three basic reasons for this: an incompetent, bureaucratic organisation, a misjudgment (especially in the case of Poland) of the speed at which industrialisation could safely be undertaken, and extortionate trade agreements with the U.S.S.R. But these obstacles to a higher living standard are not fundamental: they can be removed and I think that they are being. In all three of the People's Democracies which I visited economic "decentralisation" is under way. All the new Five-year Plans postulate a considerable rise in consumption level. Finally, the economic commission from the People's Democracies, which has been at work in Moscow "co-ordinating" the economies of the satellite countries ever since the Berlin Economic Conference last Spring, has certainly given consideration to the deliveries which have to be made to Russia. Indeed, I understand that one of the early results of this work of co-ordination—which has been accompanied by some very plain speaking—was an upward revision of the price which the Poles are receiving for their coal exports to the U.S.S.R. Meanwhile, the basic industrialisation of Poland and Hungary—and indeed of Slovakia, which is sometimes overlooked—has proceeded at a remarkable speed. And this must be the foundation both of Socialism and of national independence.

The Poles, to their great credit, have now resumed publication, for the first time since 1939, of their *Statistical Yearbook*. The issue recently published (and dated 1955) is principally concerned with the years 1953-54, and is a compendium of physical, vital, economic and social statistics; and its publication, whatever omissions and inaccuracies it may contain, is an important landmark in the documentation of the Soviet bloc and provides a comprehensive statistical picture of Polish economic progress.

Nor is progress entirely statistical. Such industrial achievements as the new steel towns of Nova Huta (100,000 inhabitants) near Cracow, or Stalinvaros (35,000 inhabitants) near Budapest, or the great new steel and mining enterprises at Ostrava in northern Moravia, are not to be dismissed merely as showpieces. They are part of the industrial foundation of a new life and they are themselves symbolic of that life. In Stalinvaros, for instance, you will find a whole town which has been built (with, I'm afraid, a truly shocking disregard for any standards of architectural taste) to meet the convenience and occupy the leisure of the men and women who work in the steel plant. The aristocrats of Stalinvaros are the skilled manual workers. The doctor's wife will have to do a job to make up the family income. So will the wives of all but the very top executives who man the offices. But not those of the highest producers. Take Zsigmond Gál. He is a shift-leader on the new automatic blast furnace. Around 45 years old, he has reached just about the top of the industrial tree. He may choose now to move over into management, but I doubt it. By temperament he is a producer rather than a bureaucrat. Moreover, he would almost certainly lose money by the change. At present his earnings average 4,000 forints a month, compared with the average for the plant of 1,200 and the national average of 900 a month. He goes to Czechoslovakia or the U.S.S.R. for his holidays; he reads the technical journals from both west and east in his club; and, as he proudly tells me, his wife does not have to work. That is still *real* privilege in a People's Democracy.

This is a single example, but it typifies a new pattern of society. I could have chosen similar examples of privilege from Poland or Czechoslovakia; and I could have found them among the miners and other heavy industrial workers, as well as the steel workers, or among the middle peasants working in the farm co-operatives. Of course, they are also to be found among the writers and artists—a high proportion of whom are, for obvious reasons, of bourgeois origin—and among very senior government and party officials. But despite the vestiges of the old social pattern which can still be discerned among the higher-paid intellectuals, the class basis of privilege has been largely destroyed.

An Unusual Example

Let me give another example, taken again from Stalinvaros—one I found strangely impressive. The principal women's hairdressing establishment in the town has a large beauty parlour attached to it. I was given the opportunity of scrutinising the customers who were being worked over one Saturday afternoon. There were about 50 women present, most of them young, at least three-quarters of them workers from the steel plant. A significant number (perhaps a dozen) were visibly girls who all the week did the dirtiest jobs. Half a dozen appeared to be of bourgeois origin—the wives of professional men, perhaps—and two or three seemed like fishergirls from the primitive little fishing village out of which the new town has grown. They were having everything imaginable done to them, from pedicure to eyebrow shaping. The cost of a full "facial" is 12 forints, which at the Stalinvaros level of wages is within most people's means. It does not matter very much that the municipality at Stalinvaros saw fit to establish a beauty parlour: it could even be argued that the labour and material might have been better used for housing accommodation. What does matter is that Judy O'Grady has the same right as the colonel's lady (and if she's a good worker perhaps more means) to the external badges of self-respect and social standing. That is real progress in a country which, till recently, was almost feudal.

Another example comes quickly to mind. Motor south-eastwards from Prague across Moravia and you will see the pattern of life in the villages gradually growing more primitive. By the time you get into Slovakia, the well-established smallholder who typifies the Bohemian countryside has given place to an almost Balkan-style peasant, whose dress and habits appear to have changed very little in this century. Yet even in these Slovakian villages the children are visibly today's children—well schooled, well dressed, well fed: they seem to be living half a century ahead of their parents. That, too, is progress of which any Socialist must approve.

One last illustration. The most socially advanced industrial enterprise I saw anywhere was the Kasprzaka radio factory in Warsaw. The attraction here is not outstandingly high wages: indeed nobody gets more than about 2,000 zlote a month—compared with the 2,500 to 3,000 which can be earned by the star producers in heavy industry. But the amenities of the factory include, as well as first-class working conditions, such social assets as guest house, sports club, library, cinema, shoemaker, tailor's shop, health centre and fully equipped hospital, available not only for the factory's 4,500 employees but for their families too. The output norms at this factory have been consistently exceeded, and the bonuses thus earned are applied by the factory committee to the extension of the "social" services. The result is a sense of personal identification with the

success of the enterprise by the workers and by their families, which could be achieved only by collective methods. This factory is, of course, far above the average—it was built in 1950; but it illustrates the standard at which the Poles are aiming. The fact is that, whatever errors and excesses have been committed—and some of these are inexcusable—the People's Democracies are wrestling with the practical problems which are common to Socialist construction anywhere; and, in some fields, they have made very substantial progress.

Let us admit then—for I don't think it can reasonably be denied—that the People's Democracies have evolved over ten years into a system, which is viable (even through dependent on the good will of the U.S.S.R.); that they have made impressive progress in tackling their basic economic problem of amassing industrial capital —despite the human and material waste which has been involved in so many projects; that they are widening the base of secondary and technical education very rapidly; and that they are systematically and purposefully establishing a social order in which reward is related to service, and in which the state does what it can to ensure that children enjoy an equality of opportunity. All this is on the credit side. It does not, however, serve as an adequate evaluation of People's Democracy.

The Dark Side of Paradise

For when all the achievements have been listed and all the allowances made, the fact remains that the People's Democracies do not yet offer the generality of their citizens the chance of a decent life, free of fear, free of want—or even free of graft. The three countries I visited vary a good deal from one another. Some of the defects are common to all three and arise directly out of the system itself; others are peculiar and local. But the central failure is that a disregard for freedom has corrupted individuals. Not that everybody lives in physical fear: that was always a gross exaggeration and now it would be positively untrue. It is important to realise that the apparatus of the secret police has not been dismantled; but in both Poland and Hungary the amnesties have been very widespread indeed, and in neither of them did I find that people are any longer restrained by fear from grumbling or criticising so long as the criticism stops short of agitation for political action. I did find a good deal more caution about exercising the privilege of free speech in Czechoslovakia; but this may be no more than a characteristic manifestation of the ponderous Czech, who is infinitely more cautious and less volatile than his Hungarian and Polish neighbours. But the freedom, bestowed as a privilege, to criticise the government is less than fundamental; and, largely because of an over-centralised administration (which makes some of Kafka's fantasies seem like sober statements of fact), people still have not the freedom to take responsibility. Or if they have, they have not yet realised it. As a result, there is, even among the intellectuals (outside Poland), and especially among those whose duty it is to administer the system, an unwillingness to be committed, a shelving of responsibility, and a reluctance or inability to think new thoughts or to admit awkward truths.

This malaise manifests itself inside the administration in a variety of ways. The most insidious is perhaps the narrow departmentalism and unnecessary secrecy engendered among officials, together with a lack of inquisitiveness about matters which in a democratic system would be of common interest. Let me give two or three examples, each trivial in itself, but symptomatic. In Prague I talked in the Ministry of Agriculture with six senior departmental officials, of whom the most senior was the director of the livestock division. I started by asking them what proportion of Czech food was imported and whether their imports of animal feeding stuffs were limited by shortage of foreign exchange or of available supplies. They were (or professed to be—it doesn't much matter which) quite unable to answer. I could perhaps find out, they said, by inquiring at the Ministry of Foreign Trade. Again, in Prague the authorities very courteously allowed me to visit the Stalingrad electrical engineering factory. All went well till I asked how many people were employed in the factory: mysteriously, nobody "knew". The information is not of great importance to me; but in case the officials I asked were really ignorant of something so vital to them, I will tell them: the total labour force, including administration, is just under 4,000, and at present the factory is working considerably below its capacity. In Budapest I asked the head of the press department at the Foreign Ministry, among a number of questions, what was the level of ministerial salaries, and what proportion of trials now taking place were held in secret. Neither of these questions elicited an answer. Then, sensing my impatience, the very amiable official added: "I don't think Hungarian people are much interested in such matters. We don't usually write about such things in our papers". One can only reply that the system would look a lot healthier if people were interested.

The Other Sort of Fear

My impression is that, throughout the People's Democracies, men of first-class potential are cutting themselves down to second-class stature because they will not explore the margins either of their minds or of their responsibilities. And the cause of this is a kind of fear. No longer fear of the prison cell, but fear, in a grossly over-centralised bureaucracy, of offending the man above. This fear exists to some extent in any administrative organisation; and one of the tests of good organisation is that it should be reduced to the minimum. It has fallen like a blight on the People's Democracies. It affects the quality of the administration and of the individuals who comprise it. It makes the ordinary citizen cynical and bitter, and then in turn corrupts him with the same blight.

The result, as I have seen it, is a group of countries, all geared to a high-powered economic plan, in which few of the individual citizens are giving of their best. Apologists for the system may deny this, may quote in aid the liberating effect of much of the social progress which has been made, may point out quite truthfully that such a judgment is almost bound to be highly subjective. I remain convinced that it is true and that, if Socialists are to learn from the experience of the People's Democracies, it must be frankly stated. Nor is it a malicious judgment. In the face of such restraints on human initiative as the system has hitherto imposed, the achievements already registered seem the more remarkable; and if the fine phrases about decentralising and streamlining the bureaucracy are now realised in drastic action the prospect which opens up is an exciting one.

There is no doubt that at this moment the charge of over-centralisation is admitted and the suffocating effects of the bureaucracy are understood at all levels. If you ask an ordinary worker, you will hear the story from one end. For instance, at the Stalingrad electrical engineering factory in Prague, I asked a group of Communist Party branch officials (their relation with the workers may be very roughly compared to that of shop-stewards in this country) what were the problems which at the moment most preoccupied their members. To my surprise—because it sounded such a theoretical preoccupation—decentralisation came first, followed by a reduction in the working week and a new pension scheme. Why so much emphasis, I asked, on decentralisation? It was a matter of output and so of wages. Until recently, raw material and component parts for the factory had been ordered according to a central plan fixed for a year ahead. If some particular shortage developed, it might be impossible to make it up for months; and then only with the authority, difficult to obtain, of the ministry concerned. Recently this system has been revised, and the factory management is now responsible for ensuring its own supply of material. This is popular with the workers, since payment depends on output. But on a national scale it must also have a liberating effect of real economic significance.

At the other end of the hierarchy, Jiri Hendrich, the Central Secretary (Ideology) of the Czech Communist Party, when asked to discuss in theoretical terms what "democratisation" really means, answered me with concrete instances of the decentralisation of industrial and economic planning. Prime Minister Cyrankiewicz went even further. A fortnight before the Poznan rebellion, he told me frankly of the discontent which over-rigid bureaucracy had engendered among some sections of the workers. And he lamented the fact that the organisational defects, which were now understood, could not be remedied overnight. I have no doubt that Cyrankiewicz himself and those closest to him are determined to "democratise" the economic life of Poland, and that they will stubbornly resist the pressures which are certainly being put on them to respond to Poznan by a general "get tough" policy. Poznan indeed has already been made the occasion for an amalgamation of two ministries (and so a streamlining of the administration) which had been planned to take place this summer in any event. To complete the plan, at least two further pairs of ministries are to be amalgamated in the near future, with a total saving of manpower—in the provinces as well as in Warsaw—of between 25,000 and 30,000 bureaucrats, or technicians doing bureaucratic jobs. This staggering figure, the authenticity of which I accept, is proof of the extent to which the bureaucracy has proliferated and of the Polish leadership's determination to weed it out, even at the expense of an acutely embarrassing political problem of redundancy.

The Morality of Shortage

Decentralisation then will take place, or rather it will be given a trial. But by itself it may not be enough. Indeed, it is possible that the cliché of over-centralisation is used as a fig leaf to cover what is really a less fundamental embarrassment. In Poland, and to a somewhat lesser extent in Hungary, the real source of obstruction in the system is the under-consumption which has been coupled with over-centralisation. In an effort to meet what they have considered prior commitments on their economy, the Polish authorities have kept consumption at a scandalously low level. The poverty of the Polish urban population 11 years after the war will certainly surprise and shock any western visitor. It is not only that prices are high and wages low. The shops are empty and the goods are not available. I have myself been from shop to shop in Warsaw trying to get a loaf of bread after mid-day. Meat (except in the form of sausage) and butter were,

in early June, very difficult to obtain, and milk was not plentiful. Both textiles and leather goods, including shoes, are of poor quality and very expensive. Shopping, indeed, in Warsaw is such a torment of queueing for hours in order to get less than you hoped for of something you didn't really want, that I am surprised there have not been more overt demonstrations of discontent.

The causes of the shortages are obvious enough. The burdens which have been placed on Poland by the war, by the Russians and by the task of Socialist construction, are very heavy. It is inevitable that personal consumption has to be held in check. But the effect of turning the screw down as tightly as it has been is more than merely the creation of discontent. It is the elimination of most of the normal economic incentives upon which Socialism must depend as well as capitalism; and it is the creation of a system of patronage and minor graft which is demoralising and corrupting. For lack of the goods on which to spend their wages, too many Poles seem to do their work grudgingly, sulkily and slowly. In the factory, in the shops, in the transport system, in the restaurants, the general tempo of work is visibly lower than in Britain or in either of the other countries I visited. Because of the difficulty in obtaining the necessities of life, let alone the luxuries, anybody who is in a position to pull a string or do a special favour tends to occupy an unnatural and unhealthy position of patronage.

This debilitating state of affairs is nothing to do with the character of the people. Poles remain, as they always have been, among the most naturally vital, gay and attractive people in Europe. It is nothing to do with the system of state planning as such, which works effectively in Czechoslovakia. It is the simple consequence of a decision to reduce consumption below the level at which any economy is viable except with the sort of compulsions which are no longer acceptable. This decision can be reversed just as easily, without any significant damage to the process of rebuilding or of industrialisation. The new Five-year Plan already envisages a 25 per cent. increase in consumption spread over five years. What really matters is that the first 15 per cent. should be achieved within the next year.

A Higher Consumption

A similar criticism can be applied to Hungary, though here the consumption level is considerably higher than in Poland, and agricultural progress has been greater. (In Hungary about 30 per cent. of land is now co-operatively farmed as opposed to 10 per cent. in Poland and 35 per cent. in Czechoslovakia: these figures exclude state farms.) Still it remains broadly true that, without an increase in consumption, the new line of "voluntarism" and "democratisation" will not succeed. I must, however, in fairness report the strikingly different state of affairs in Czechoslovakia. Indeed, when one has made full allowance for the higher level of both investment and consumption from which the Czechs started, the fact remains that here at last is a country in which a Socialist economic system visibly works. Nor have the Czech problems been so different from those of the other People's Democracies as to make them irrelevant. Although Czechoslovakia had a well-developed manufacturing industry before the war, its heavy industry—notably steel, coal and chemicals—was inadequate for post-war needs. Further, much industrial plant installed in the Twenties and Thirties had become obsolete by the Fifties. Slovakia (where irrigation and electrification are now proceeding fast) was even after the war an almost entirely undeveloped peasant community. Moreover, within the group of the People's Democracies, Czechoslovakia has been acting as a large-scale supplier of manufactured goods—often for a very marginal return.

All in all, therefore, the Czechs in their first Five-year Plan undertook a burden of investment which, while not comparable with that of the Poles, led till recently to under-consumption and discontent. Since 1954, they have allowed personal consumption to rise by about 25 per cent. and the result is very striking. People still grumble about high prices, especially of food. It is true that the wealth of goods in the Prague shops does not yet represent an equivalent prosperity in the homes. But at least the incentive is there. With the important exception of woollen and cotton textiles, the Prague shops are once again beginning—after a very lean period—to compare quite favourably with the Viennese; and the very fact that there is still a waiting list for washing machines, TV sets, motor bikes, and small Skoda cars is just about the healthiest economic sign I saw anywhere in the People's Democracies.

The Dash for Freedom

Turning now to the political field, I found that the changes which have taken place in recent months vary a good deal in degree from country to country. The Poles have gone much the furthest in experimenting with liberty; the Czechs much the least far. The differences seem to me to be occasioned partly by local circumstances, partly by national characteristics, and partly by individual personalities in the leadership. In all three countries the writers and intellectuals are setting the pace. But whereas in Hungary, and still more in Czechoslovakia, their criticisms are still cautious and for the most part confined to specific instances of abuse, the Polish intellectuals—despite a press censorship, which is an odious and unnecessary relic of the past—are exploring the fundamentals of the system. Café (and university) society in Warsaw at present is one of the most intellectually stimulating experiences to be found anywhere. The reawakening of public interest in universal artistic values, the jettisoning of the narrow dogmas of Zhdanovite "Socialist Realism," the obsession with seeking political forms which do not inhibit the creative opportunities of thinkers and artists, amount at the same time to an artistic renaissance and to a political factor of incalculable importance.

I do not believe it is true to suggest, as some western commentators have done, that this is a struggle between the intellectuals and the régime. On the contrary, most of the intellectuals concerned are Communists or else Communist sympathisers; and those who are not, generally consider that their task is to uphold their own values within the existing system. The truth seems to be that a majority of the Polish leadership has recognised that in a period when, to quote Mr. Cyrankiewicz, "the objective conditions exist to democratise the dictatorship of the proletariat," the intellectuals are just as important as propagandists of democratisation as they used to be of revolutionary discipline, of patriotic war, or of collectivisation. The leadership, in other words, is using the intellectuals both to put a new line across to the people and to do a great deal of the experimental theorising which the party itself has not yet got around to. Of course, there is some opposition—inside the leadership, I suspect, as well as at lower levels—to this venturesome line. It stems partly from those who have a vested interest in the bureaucracy, partly from those who support the changes in principle, but fear a social disintegration if they are allowed to come too suddenly, and partly from those who are more Russophil than the Russians and will oppose any loosening of the bonds which have tied Poland to the U.S.S.R. It would be unwise to attempt on hearsay evidence an estimate of the personal positions of individuals in the Politburo and the Presidium. But I am certain that Cyrankiewicz is firmly committed on the progressive side, and that for the moment he carries a majority of the leadership with him. What may in the long run be of even more importance is that Edward Ochab, the new First Secretary of the Polish party, whose political position has not yet been finally defined, is believed by many well-informed Poles to be basically on the same side.

The End of Rakosi

In Hungary I found a situation which was much more difficult to judge. Here also the writers have set the pace of criticism; but the criticism has so far been less concerned with the abstractions of democracy than with giving some sort of expression to the very general dislike of Matyas Rakosi and his immediate entourage. Rakosi has been a party leader of considerable ability—in many ways a far abler and shrewder politician than his dry, didactic successor, Gerö. But he has always fostered a personality cult around himself and latterly he has been unable to divest himself, in the eyes of the public, of personal responsibility for the evils of the past few years. It has been clear for weeks that he was on the way out; and he would certainly have gone before this, but for the personal loyalty he has commanded in the lower echelons of the party secretariat and the doubt about who could succeed him. The appointment of Gerö probably indicates that this problem has not yet been finally solved. Gerö, who is the chief economic theoretician of the Hungarian party, has no strong public following and is regarded inside the party as a colourless, academic, remote and somewhat inhuman figure. Many Hungarians will consider his appointment a stop-gap expedient: certainly it does not of itself suggest any radical change of line.

The tactical struggle for the leadership in Hungary—which may not be ended by the fall of Rakosi—has made it extremely difficult to assess the real nature of the changes which have so far taken place. A great many people have been released from jail and rehabilitated. There are now probably no Social Democrats and practically no Communists imprisoned on political grounds. Moreover, both inside and outside the party people are talking with considerable freedom. While I was in Budapest, for instance, Madame Rajk, whose husband was executed as a Titoist, made in public a passionate speech of condemnation against those responsible for his disgrace. This speech was received with deep emotion and was fully reported in the Hungarian newspapers. On more than one occasion, too, the writers have in some way or other managed to stage minor demonstrations against Rakosi, and all without any apparent reprisals. It is obvious that the relaxations have gone a considerable way; but how far they have been occasioned merely by Rakosi's manœuvring for position, and how far they represent a real shift in the thinking of the Hungarian Politburo, cannot easily be determined at present.

In Czechoslovakia the situation is different again. When I asked Jiri Hendrich in Prague to define the political changes as seen by the Czech party, he surprised me by beginning his answer with these words: "Basically nothing has changed here. We are building our social revolution and essentially our line has been correct, as we affirmed at our recent party conference." Later I began to

understand that behind this answer lay two assumptions. The first is that the Czech party, at least since the death of Gottwald, has not constructed any personality cult. This I believe to be true. While the party leadership has not been democratic, it has been collective; and the consequence is that there is no general demand for individual scapegoats. Secondly, for obvious historical reasons, the Czech Communist Party regards itself as having assumed the leadership of a workers' revolution in a far more real sense than do the self-styled "coalition" parties in Poland and Hungary which were installed in power by the Russians at the end of the war. The Communist coup in Czechoslovakia took place against a régime in which the bourgeois parties were well established and in a country which had a western tradition of political democracy. Hendrich was the only senior Communist I found anywhere who was prepared to say bluntly that "class enemies" are still at work in his country—the exact reverse of Cyrankiewicz's dictum that the "objective conditions exist" for democratisation.

This is clearly the basis for the Czech attitude towards political offenders. There has been no general release of prisoners—still less rehabilitation. As recently as December, 1954 (when rehabilitations were well under way in, for instance, Hungary), Social Democrats were being tried in Prague. Slowly and methodically individual cases are being reviewed in secret, some sentences are being remitted, others confirmed. There is little pretence that any of this is related to a process of law: it is determined entirely by party need. The case of Slansky is an example. He may have been guilty of grave crimes, though I suspect he was killed mainly because he was a Jew. Officially the case is still under review; but in advance of any final conclusion—and without any visible process of law—party spokesmen have already announced that the main evidence on which the conviction was obtained was false, but that nonetheless Slansky was guilty of grave crimes and cannot be rehabilitated. As an earnest young Communist patiently explained to me, "Slansky was correctly convicted. There was no injustice. It was simply that the charges of the prosecution were incorrectly formulated." Whatever Slansky's guilt or innocence, this attitude is a total denial of legality, Socialist or otherwise. Czech Communists presumably justify it by their sense of revolutionary necessity. Czechoslovakia is particularly vulnerable to intervention of all kinds from the West, and it is clearly the underlying assumption of the Czech leaders that their revolution is not yet sufficiently secure to warrant their suddenly abandoning their centralist methods of revolutionary discipline.

The Togliatti Interview

A sharp example of the Czech's attitude is provided by their treatment of the Togliatti interview, which was carried in *Unita* of June 17. A full précis of this important statement was carried in *Trybuna Ludu* (the Polish party daily) and in *Neues Deutschland* (in East Germany). Nothing appeared in the Czech press. On June 26, I questioned a group of Prague journalists about this curious omission. There was much embarrassment. One or two excuses were attempted: "being a purely theoretic speech, it is not news anyway." "A speech of this kind ought to be published in full or not at all—and we haven't the space in our daily papers." In the end there was general professional agreement that, by journalistic standards, the suppression of such a speech was difficult to defend. The following day I raised the same matter with Hendrich and received a tough, uncompromising answer: the basis of Togliatti's statement was the dilemma of the Italian Communists; it might serve their needs, but it bore no relation to those of the Czechs; the criticisms of the U.S.S.R. were badly formulated; when the Central Committee in Prague had considered the statement, it would probably be published in the theoretical monthly—alongside an answering statement from the Czech party.

However, in spite of the slow speed at which revolutionary centralism is unwinding itself in Czechoslovakia, I believe the same forces are at work there as in the other countries. Indeed, some of the same manifestations are beginning to appear. Already the writers and the students have, in different ways, demonstrated their impatience with the party domination of cultural life. There may be some truth in the authorities' claim that the student demonstrations in May were partly fomented and organised by outside agitators—there is some circumstantial evidence to support this claim—but the same cannot be said of the writers, who are using the press to fight a consistent battle for more liberal conditions.

An Analysis of Error

At the surface level then there are different characteristics attaching to the political changes in each of the countries: adventurousness in Warsaw, confusion in Budapest, extreme caution in Prague. Nonetheless I believe that the difference, in fact, amounts to little more than one of speed. I am confirmed in the view that the same trends are developing throughout the Communist world by the various theoretical explanations of the new line which I was offered. It is important, incidentally, to remember that the full theoretical analysis of the degeneration of Stalinism and of the emergence of the present line has not yet been undertaken. The resolution of the Central Committee of the C.P.S.U. (B), passed at its plenary session early this month, is only a beginning; and in any case the Communist parties in the People's Democracies, highly critical of the slipshod confusion of Krushchev's secret speech as well as of the errors into which the Soviet Communist Party has admittedly fallen, are in no mood to entrust all future theorising to the Russians. Still, I have found a certain concensus of opinion beginning to emerge among Communist intellectuals which suggests, in broadest outline, both the sort of pattern which the theoretical analysis of the Soviet changes will eventually take and the basis for a widespread confidence that the new line is permanent.

Stalinism, one is told, began to go adrift from the moment when the decision was taken in 1929 to enforce collectivisation: before the Soviet economy had the chance to pass out of that phase, it was, by the force of external pressures, swept up in preparations for war, then in war, and finally in reconstruction and cold war: with the formation of the "Peace Camp"—the U.S.S.R., the People's Democracies and China—and the achievement of the Soviet H-bomb, the Socialist sector of the world has for the first time since 1917 achieved military and economic viability: therefore artificial constraints, which have had to be placed on the economy in order to bend it unnaturally towards capital formation and war, can at last be removed: thus a Socialist economy can for the first time function according to its own natural laws; and a Socialist economy means one in which the interests of the individual citizen and of the community (which owns the means of production) are in perfect harmony: hence there is no longer an economic basis for the errors of Stalinism. This very brief summary does less than justice to the serious thinking which is just beginning to be done. Nevertheless, it is sufficient to suggest a fallacy.

To define the beginning of error as the Soviet decision to enforce collectivisation, overlooks the fact that defects must already have existed in the Leninist system of democratic centralism, which permitted the Soviet Communist Party, faced with an economic problem it could not evade, to drift into errors which amounted to a denial of its first principles. So that, even for the Russians, the claim that a return to Leninism is a sufficient blueprint for future legality is a hollow one. How much more so for the People's Democracies, which, if they are ever to build their own Socialism, must now proceed to construct their own ideological base for it—beginning, not from some arbitrary date in Russian history, but from the history and experience of their own working class.

That the Poles and the Czechs, at least, have the will to do this I do not doubt. Have they the opportunity? Everything at present suggests they have. The gravest defects in their own systems were imposed on them from outside, and were exactly the fetters which tied them to the Russians—the Soviet-controlled secret police and the ideological fallacy of Soviet infallibility. But these are the very points at which the Russians themselves have attacked the institutions of Stalinism. Thus, in a very precise sense, the proceedings of the 20th Congress broke the monolithic pattern of the Stalinist empire and created the conditions in which the erstwhile satellites are free, not indeed to turn against the Soviet Union, but at least to construct their own Socialism. It is no accident that the reconciliation with Tito in May, 1955, was the first important act of external policy executed by the new Soviet leadership; for it was the one external change which was integrally part of the internal decision to limit the power of the secret police and abandon the dogma of infallibility. Moreover, once it is established that the Soviet Union is not an exclusive and infallible model for the future, the argument must be applied retrospectively. An interesting gloss on this proposition is a statement made to me by Jiri Hendrich that the Czech Central Committee is preparing a new theoretical study of the "fundamentals of Marxism-Leninism," which is to be based on the experience and records of the Czech party.

Whether the People's Democracies are now capable of building a pattern of Socialism which meets their individual situations and of avoiding, in the face of economic pressures yet unknown, the dangers of a new drift towards over-centralism and eventually terror, remains to be seen. For the moment the objective factors appear to bear in the right direction. Moreover, the three countries about which I have been writing all possess a traditional intelligentsia, which has not been liquidated or entirely corrupted, as well as a rapidly growing technical intelligentsia, which is now arising from the working class. This group, which constitutes one of the most powerful forces in favour of democratisation, will not be content to live, as was demanded of it under Stalin, in sociological conditions which in many essentials were indistinguishable from those of Fascism. The historic task which this new classless intelligentsia faces is to devise, without the pressures of class conflict, the constitutional checks and safeguards which will build liberty and legality into a Socialist economic system. For the first time the external conditions seem favourable: can it be that for the first time Socialism itself will now be given a fair trial?

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Saint Quixote

It is four hundred years ago this month since Ignatius Loyola died suddenly at dawn in his Casa Professa at Rome, alone almost, without last rites or Papal blessing, murmuring of a piece of property to be acquired for his new Society in the Piazza Margana. It was an abrupt and fitting end to a life crammed with purposeful saintliness. Ignatius's death smacks of the Counter-Reformation, that century of inflexible fervour, charity, fanaticism and persecution, touched off by the small five-foot two Basque hidalgo with no Latin and a passion for tales of chivalry. A mixture of St. Paul, Don Quixote and Lenin, Loyola is one of the strangest contradictions in human biography. Out of his devotion to the rubbish of *Amadis de Gaul* he fashioned first a life of whipcord sanctity, secondly a vast spiritual totalitarianism which has been as much loved and hated as any institution in history. It is as though *Les Misérables* had inspired Lenin's Second International.

Father Brodrick's biography*—hagiography, rather, though of the very best kind—is a greatly expanded version of part of his earlier book, *The Origin of the Jesuits* (1940), in which he told the story of Ignatius and his Society up to the time of the Saint's death in 1556. It is a limpid, witty, warm-hearted account of the Society's beginnings, the best popular introduction to the subject that has ever been written, and I think that this new version, which only takes us up to 1540, suffers by comparison. It is almost too exhaustive, too pious, too prone to see the hand of God at every turn in the story. But it remains a work of great learning, full of the peculiar Irish charm that attaches to all Father Brodrick's writings. He is a master of literary blarney, paying courteous and elaborate compliments to the Philistines—Prescott, Mr. V. S. Pritchett or the Dominicans of San Esteban—even as he filches from them some admission, qualification or favourable opinion tending *ad majoram Societati gloriam*. His footnotes—on the horrors of the Basque language, the intricacies of mystical theology, the value of the sixteenth-century *escudo* or the library of Saint-Victor—are exhilarating and irrepressible.

Born in 1491, Ignatius began life as a page at the court of Queen Isabella. A duellist, a wencher (*"satis liber in mulierum amore"*, wrote an early chronicler of the Society), until the age of thirty he led the normal worldly life of a small Spanish nobleman. In 1521 he broke a leg at the siege of Pamplona and in the long, dangerous and disenchanting illness that followed, suffered his Damascus. "Return to your senses and cease your idle tales", Don Quixote's friend tells him on his deathbed. "Tales," replies the Don, "up to now they have been only too real to my cost. But with Heaven's aid my death shall turn them to my profit. . . . I was mad, but I am sane now." In the same way Ignatius died to chivalry. King Lisuarte and Queen Brisena, the knights and ogres and enchantresses, yielded to the mythology of Christ the King. From here on his life, though full of vicissitudes and setbacks, is a *"Nueva Vida"*, a straight road to glory. There is the vigil at Monserrat, the ten-month seclusion at Manresa, the composition of the *Spiritual Exercises*, the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. To the most secularly minded, there must always be something extraordinarily attractive about this lame ex-cavalier, stomping up and down Europe, learning his Latin grammar at a bench with small children, grubbing for scraps of logic and theology in the lecture-halls of Paris and Salamanca. He attracted a band of companions—Laynez, Polanco, Peter Favre, the gentle Savoyard who prayed for Luther, Xavier, the future saint of missions who dreamt that "I was carrying on my back an Indian and he was so heavy I could not lift him". This is the great apostolic age of Jesuitry, the age of poverty and tears and devotion, of spiritual combat and physical endurance, of an amazing courage and a strange kind of holy gaiety, typified by Ignatius's playing of the guitar. In 1528 came his famous ecstasy at La Storta and the promise that has echoed so magnificently and so sinisterly down the centuries of the Church's history: "I will be propitious to you in Rome." In 1540—four years after Calvin's *Institutes*, six years after Luther died at Wittenberg—the Society of Jesus was founded.

Almost at once the wheels of this vast spiritual machine—history's greatest gift to the Papacy for the next hundred years—begin to turn, pumping fresh faith and energy into the failing heart of Catholic Europe. Peter Canisius wins back whole tracts of Germany for the Church, the Society enfilades scores of Fathers into the manors of Elizabethan England, Campion, Robert Southwell and some 20 others suffering cheerful martyrdom in the process. Waves of religious revival sweep the Latin countries, a crack platoon of Jesuit theologians directs the Council of Trent, flocks of Ignatian missionaries make spiritual descent on the coasts of Chile, Paraguay, Peru. In India Criminali falls to the lances of Madura tribesmen—the first of almost 1,000 Jesuits who have died by violence for their faith. Colleges and universities spring up everywhere, Ingoldstadt and Clermont provide answering broadsides to the salvoes of Wittenberg and Geneva. Gradually the Society acquires the monopoly of Catholic higher education.

With it all went a peculiar baroqueness of the spirit, a floridity and an ornateness that has remained the distinctive note of Jesuit culture. On the devotional side, it took the form of a weird and profuse spiritual accountancy. To the non-Papist understanding there is something almost grotesque about the 3,000 masses vowed by Ignatius to soften Cardinal Guidiccioni's heart in favour of the Society, of which Father Brodrick wrote in his earlier work that: "as a result of these *démarches* in Heaven and on earth Cardinal Guidiccioni came to terms. . . ." Describing Xavier's labours in India in the same book, the author writes: "A short while later his arms must have been almost paralysed, for up and down the dreary, inhospitable land of Travancore he baptised in the course of a single month more than 10,000 persons. Taking a 12-hour day, that would have worked out at about one baptism every two minutes for 30 days consecutively." And in a note he comments: "It is a Pentecostal event which we have no right to criticise in view of St. Peter's example on the first Pentecost Sunday (*Acts*, ii, 41)."

"Before the Order had existed a hundred years," writes Macaulay in one of the most sonorous and splendid passages of his *History*,

> it had filled the whole world with memorials of great things done and suffered for the faith. . . . There was no region of the globe, no walk of speculative or active life, in which Jesuits were not to be found. They guided the courses of Kings. They deciphered Latin inscriptions. They observed the motions of Jupiter's satellites. They published whole libraries, controversy, casuistry, history, treatises on optics, Alcaic odes, editions of the fathers, madrigals, catechisms and lampoons. The liberal education of youth passed almost entirely into their hands and was conducted by them with conspicuous ability. They appear to have discovered the precise point to which intellectual culture can be carried without risk of intellectual emancipation. . . .

Alas, the vision faded. By the mid-seventeenth century the creative impetus of the Society had spent itself. Even as it grew, it stagnated, just as the Benedictines, the Cistercians and the friars had stagnated each in their turn. As Graham Wallas pointed out in *The Great Society*, it is a way that such great organisations have. Money, power, an aptitude for political meddling in every quarter of the globe—all these contributed to the decline of the Society of Jesus. But, there is, I think, one other factor, which has never been sufficiently stressed, except by the historian Böhmer, in his great study of the Order, and that is the Society's infinite capacity for self-deception. No body of men, not even the Jansenists, has ever possessed such a corporate sense of mutual admiration. As Böhmer says, the Society has produced thousands of trained men of science but few great scientists, thousands of theologians and *littérateurs* but few men of genius in letters or theology. Their very discipline precludes originality. As Hopkins confessed sadly to R. W. Dixon:

> Our Society values, as you say and has contributed to literature, to culture; but only as a means to an end. Its history and its experience shew that literature proper, as poetry, has seldom been found to be to that end a very serviceable means. We have had for three centuries often the flower of the youth of a country in numbers enter our body: among these how many poets, how many artists of all sorts, there must have been! But there have been very few Jesuit poets. . . . For genius attracts fame and individual fame St. Ignatius looked on as the most dangerous and dazzling of all attractions.

Qualitatively, the Benedictines have a far greater claim on the world of learning, but because their claims are unadvertised, they have gone unheeded. The Jesuits, on the other hand, are, and have always been, the greatest self-advertisers in the world. In the seventeenth century—that silver age of *odium theologicum*—the Society's self-glorification went with an ability to hunt down opponents and waverers with a venom only surpassed by the Dominican Inquisitors of earlier centuries. Today it shows itself charit-

* *Saint Ignatius Loyola.* By James Brodrick, S.J. Burns Oates. 30s.

ably enough in the amiability of Father Brodrick's footnotes.

For the truth about the Society of Jesus and its record in history is much sadder—sadder, that is, as a historical comment on human nature—than the anti-Papists would have us believe. This is where the Rationalist Press Association and the Protestant Truth Society have got badly and equally mixed up. Ever since Monod proved the fraudulence of the *Monita Secreta*, open-minded students of history have been realising that the Jesuits were seldom the deceitful, unscrupulous, plotting devotees of the *pâpe noir* that their opponents and victims believed. As Voltaire, who knew them and was bred among them, reminds us, "*Aucune secte, aucune société n'a jamais eu et ne peut avoir un dessein formé de corrompre les hommes,*" and that goes for Jesuits as much as for Communists, Plymouth Brethren or the Church of Christ, Scientist. I believe firmly that the hundreds of thousands of Fathers who have existed and done their work in the world since the Order was founded were mostly men of great devotion, abilities and good will whose errors arose from a false view of human nature in general and of their own organisation in particular. Corporately, as a society, the Jesuits have always been too clever by half, and this fact explains most of their mistakes in history. The doctrine of Probabilism, the vast structures of moral theology reared by Escobar and Liguori, that whole science of casuistry which, as the late Bishop of Oxford demonstrated in his great book on the subject, couples questions of the highest ethical importance with the rights and wrongs of granting absolution down the telephone—all this was no Jesuit mechanism for seducing human beings, but rather a well-meaning but over-clever attempt on the part of a number of saintly theologians to de-limit the area of mortal sin and provide for all moral contingencies. Similarly, with the Fathers' colony in Paraguay. One of the noblest collective experiments in history failed miserably because the Jesuits behaved far too adroitly in manipulating the Indians, and Pombal was too adroit for them.

No wonder the Society has aroused more love-hate among historians than any body in history. In the French magazine *Crapouillot's* Jesuit number†—the best anti-clerical conspectus of the subject that has ever appeared—there is an amusing "for and against" page of opinions—"*Cette merveilleuse association*" (Joseph de Maistre); "*Les Jésuites ne sont pas au gout français*" (Rémy de Gourmont); "*Un mystérieux nuage couvre toujours les affaires des Jésuites*" (Chateaubriand). "*Vous, célèbre Compagnie!*", cries Bossuet, assuming a baroque pose in the pulpit, while remarking in the opposite column that the Society's confessors place cushions beneath sinners' elbows. St. Ignatius, Fr. Brodrick writes proudly in his preface, has "moulded 27 canonised Jesuit Saints for Heaven, as well as 127 beatified martyrs, including 22 Englishmen." Yes, replies *Crapouillot*, but they were suppressed completely for more than 40 years and they have been expelled at least 50 times from some 30 Catholic countries. The verdict seems to be "Not Proven."

JOHN RAYMOND

† *Les Jésuites. Crapouillot, No. 24. 400fr*

The School of Babylon

("Men loose walking in the midst of the fire"—*Daniel* iii; 25)

Lest we should see too much and burn
Our human natures clean away
By feeling more than we can bear,
We blindfold every night and day,
Of all but fragments unaware.
So, by this grace, the unlettered heart
Can practice on a muted scale
Tunes whose unfettered notes would rend
Its childish unity apart;
And, with this blindness for a friend,
Make firm within itself and prove
The occasion of the breathing world,
Whose voltages are hate and love.
This is the school of Babylon
And at its hands we learn
To walk into the furnaces
And whistle as we burn.

Although a wineglass or a cup
Can hold as little of the sea
As you and I of our own selves,
Pinpointed by mortality,
We still, that something of the whole
May quicken in the finite part,
Must labour for a deeper breath
And greater tension of the heart.
Out of their windy distances
The further energies draw near
And kindling in our tongues and hands
Enlarge the areas of fear.
But still, as the unspoken word
Swings slowly downward into speech
And in becoming us shows up
Another word beyond our reach,
We praise the school of Babylon,
For where else could we learn
To walk into the furnaces
And whistle as we burn.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

Dead or Dumb?

Philosophy, Politics and Society. Edited by PETER LASLETT. *Blackwell.* 18*s.*

"For the moment, anyway, political philosophy is dead." These are Mr. Laslett's own words in his introduction to this collection of ten essays on political philosophy. He is probably right, and the tone of these essays certainly suggests that he is. On the whole they are dull in substance and bland in tone. Most of them are reprinted from philosophical journals, and several of them will be used as elementary introductions by students in universities. But they do not compose a book which can bear this title. Professor Oakeshott's lecture on Political Education is an interesting attack on general programmes in politics, on the idea that political action should serve some positive ends; his is the theme of Burke and Bagehot, lightly disguised in the terminology of more recent philosophies. Mr. Quinton suggests that the retributive theory of punishment should be interpreted as stating a difference in meaning between "punishment" and "the deliberate infliction of suffering." His argument seems to me disputable, but it is an argument, clear and definite, and, as a short paper in a philosophical journal, it made no wider claims to be a general theory of punishment. But there is nothing else in the book to which one could point if a politician or historian asks—"Is this all that contemporary British philosophers have to contribute? Surely these are only the old commonplaces, with which we have all agreed, or disagreed, long ago." It is and they are.

Following Mr. Laslett, one may wonder why philosophers have nothing more helpful to say. It would in any case be wrong to expect political philosophy to be steadily productive and progressive, as if it were one of the natural sciences. Like every other branch of philosophy, it borrows its vitality from an occasional man of genius, a Hobbes or a Rousseau, who is an accident occurring perhaps once or twice in a century. Without some recent inspiration political thought falls back into academic routine and into the necessary study of the political ideas of the past. It so happens that no single great work in political philosophy has been written in this century. There have been distinguished variations on the themes of Mill and Marx and de Tocqueville, and we are now reaching the stage of variations upon variations. Philosophers in this country have been preoccupied with logic and metaphysics in the last thirty years, largely because in these fields they have received the needed impulse from more than one man of genius; there has been a break-through which can be further exploited. But to assume that discoveries in logic, or a new approach to metaphysics, will necessarily transform political thought is again to confuse philosophy with science. Kant discovered a new approach to metaphysics, but his political thought was not original. In philosophy one cannot be sure in advance that a method of argument which is revolutionary in one domain will even be helpful in another; for the unity of philosophy, unlike the unity of science, is itself always in question and unproven.

Mr. Laslett remarks that logical positivists have undermined political speculation, as they undermined all other speculation that is not controlled by mathematics or experiment. But logical positivism in Great Britain is now simply a name for the habit of looking for logical or grammatical distinctions concealed in any philosophical problem. Sometimes the logical or grammatical distinctions suggested have turned out to be ultimately trivial and unenlightening; but sometimes an old problem has been altogether transformed by this method. One can never be sure in advance, and this is still the period of experiment. In moral philosophy, and in jurisprudence, there have already been some partial successes; Professor Glanville Williams's essay on the word "Law" in this volume is a specimen of the work done. But in political philosophy it seems, on the evidence so far, that any analysis of the use and meaning of words can contribute very little. Evidently the problems are of another kind and have another source.

One would expect political thought to come alive when there is a conflict between two different conceptions of human nature and of the needs of men in society, at the meeting-point of two systems of belief. The very fact that we ordinarily separate moral philosophy from political philosophy, as if the second were a minor appendage of the first, shows that no such conflict is now directly felt in England. To Plato and Aristotle it seemed obvious that morals and politics are indistinguishable, the whole of practical activity, both private and public, being founded on some single ideal of human nature. But if, like Professor Oakeshott, one thinks of politics as "the activity of attending to the general arrangements of a set of people whom choice or chance has brought together," politics for most people becomes a "secondary activity"; the "arrangements" can be left to others, to those who happen to be interested and competent, without any sense that a free man must be involved in politics, if he is a moral being at all.

Professor Oakeshott's view is probably the prevailing one. But when Communism, Fascism or McCarthyism threaten to break into private life, and to compel some choice between loyalties that are ordinarily held apart, everyone is made to think again about the relation of the individual to society; this has happened to Sartre and his adversaries in France; it could happen to Englishmen in Africa or Asia, who may meet in their personal experience those limiting questions of the moral basis of society and of the justification of force, which, because they are ultimate, are also philosophical. Philosophers in England can scarcely be blamed for being cloistered within the liberal assumptions of the stable society around them. The dullness is the price of their good fortune. But the old topics, which compose

this book—sovereignty, natural rights, the general will, Plato's analogies—must seem tired and irrelevant, unless they are related to some new description of men making choices in situations where ultimate reasons are invoked. It seems almost certain that in political philosophy the unexpected needs of men, and not the forms of their language, are the true subject of interest.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

Entombed

The George Eliot Letters. Edited by GORDON S. HAIGHT. Vols. IV to VII. *Oxford.* 210*s.*

The funerary monument to George Eliot is now complete. She lies entombed in seven volumes of the dullest letters in English literature. Why it was necessary to erect this memorial I do not see. A large number of the letters could have remained respectably in manuscript and discriminating biographers and selectors could have published a picking. The main biographical interest was in Professor Haight's first three volumes, for in them we saw the transformation of the pious country girl into the Bohemian and blue-stocking. But, by the age of 43, beginning *Romola*, going on to *Felix Holt* and *Middlemarch*, George Eliot was famous, respectable, well-off and set on the novelist's treadmill. Nothing more happened to her until the death of G. H. Lewes, except headaches, indigestion, kidney trouble; and to judge by her letters to her friends, not much more happened to them. We have the impression that mid-Victorian England was a sort of hospital of complaining and condoling females. She could moralise even over a wedding until it seemed like an interment and almost the only light moment in these volumes occurs when she writes to one friend about a new method of keeping up calico or flannel drawers. Her diaries are no better than her letters. There is little but the merely practical about her work.

A successful novelist with an ailing husband, a family of children, and a social life as formal as that of a minor royalty, has little time for letter-writing. There are no time-savers like the clichés of moralisation and complaint. So we, of course, do not judge George Eliot by her letters. Fortunately Professor Haight comes up for air occasionally and gives the brisker notes of G. H. Lewes, with his jokes and anecdotes. There are the intimidated and tactful letters of the cautious Blackwood, the publisher, and there are the lively portraits of Charles Eliot Norton. After his visit to The Priory, he wrote an account which is well known; the end of it is worth quoting because it conveys also a fair impression of the correspondence. He noted the comfort of the house but also—and this is common enough among writers—the few signs of "delicate artistic or good culture" in the furnishing and he continued:

> For the greater part of two or three hours she and I talked with little intermission. Her talk was by no means brilliant. She said not one memorable thing, but it was the talk of a person with a strong mind who had thought much and who felt deeply, and consequently it was more than commonly interesting. Her manner was too intense, she leans over you till her face is close to yours, and speaks in low, eager tones; nor is her manner perfectly simple. It is a little that, or it suggests that, of a woman who feels herself to be of mark and is accustomed, as she is, to the adoring flattery of a coterie of not undistinguished admirers.

She was charming and she did not bore in conversation; but in her letters the heaviness, the gnawing self-criticism and the glow of complacency which issues from the authority on moral struggle, are strong. Getting richer and richer, investing in shares, loved and loving and untaxed, she luxuriates in that kind of worry which is the Puritan's amends for a passionate and sensual temperament, and a plausible alternative to intimacy. It is obvious, from the asides of G. H. Lewes, that she was jollier than she cared to appear.

Except for a brief correspondence about the legal material required by *Felix Holt*, there is little about her work in these last four volumes. She and Lewes were a good deal concerned with money. He managed her contracts expertly. The thousands roll in and no tax collector takes his toll of that financial increment on which the greatness and continuity of Victorian literature rests. She worked very hard and when she was not writing, her reading was of the instructive and intellectual kind; she undertook great personal responsibilities. She was able to do all this because she was cushioned in the peace of an unperturbed marriage, protected at every step. When we admire the energy and vitality of the Victorians we have to remember how small was the nervous strain to which they were exposed. They were almost driven to invent ill-health as a further, melancholy satisfaction. One would expect in the letters of a lifetime to find some hint that life had personal difficulties, that opinions differed, that temperaments clashed. But no—there are the headaches, there is Lewes's gout; nothing more. She lies in the cocoon of the ugly and vivacious little man's patience. We must accept that it was so. He kept in his diary a record of all the people who came to her weekly receptions—Professor Haight has dug all that out: it is totally uninteresting and unimportant—and, little else; he was the indefatigable attendant. And when he died, there was Cross. There is something touching in that marriage which is so much criticised. It reminds us that she was a woman of independent mind, who thought her own way firmly, if deviously, and who did not (when it came to the point) pay attention to close and powerful persons. She acted, as she naively said, as a woman. And she reads as if at 60 she was in love, and in the most congenial way possible. It is not strange that timidity, lack of self-confidence the sense of unworthiness and dread of criticism are her chief complaints about herself. These defects she must have heard continually mentioned by the diarising and self-accusing Nonconformists among whom she was brought up. Such feelings, worried over day by day, stoke up the boilers of feeling, will and power.

Professor Haight's notes to these last volumes are exhaustive in the Germanic manner of American scholarship, but I was pleased to see he has cut down the excess that marred the first three. It would have been an advantage to have interpolated some biographical information briefly at the beginning of each section; these feats of academic engineering need amenity, and dull letters need it above all. The edition is handsome.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Prophet Lotto

Lorenzo Lotto. By BERNARD BERENSON. *Phaidon Press.* 63*s.*

Certain artists, whom I count among my favourites, crop up from century to century, who stand out from their fellows, not necessarily because of superior talents but because they refuse to abide by the rules—those rules that demand (or demanded, since I am speaking of times before freedom became a cherished ideal) that one should set out on a career at eighteen in the style of an established master, then evolve a style of one's own which one may modify, transform even, but which remains essentially unaltered for the rest of one's working life. Like officers, these comparatively free men are permitted to stroll up and down the ranks on the parade ground making movements of their own choice, whilst all other soldiers are imprisoned in their stiff gestures and appointed places. They snatch up ideas right and left, they bound bewilderingly forwards and backwards in time, they risk losing their personality in plagiarism and in anticipations of what was not "supposed" to occur until centuries later—yet this very lack of a centre, a core, a classifiable solid development, gives them a personality of a

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kind more vivid, more highly coloured than that of their more strictly regimented contemporaries. They have few followers. And they are never of the first rank. For unlike the great artists they do not plough a lonely deep furrow which is consistent and straight. Whereas the originality of Masaccio, Titian, Rembrandt and Cézanne is the result of a compelling vision which, coming to them from inside, cannot express itself in any accepted language but must forge for itself an unprecedented repertory of shapes which soon afterwards become the common vernacular, the originality of these secondary figures is the result of ceaseless assimilation, wide travel, brilliant manipulation, at worst, sleight-of-hand—in other words, much of it comes to them from outside.

One would, I think, discover, if one were to pursue this question further, that not one of them stood at the still centre of an artistic tradition, drawing calmly from its strength, but that all were for ever shying off an established norm, hovering between the North and South, seduced by distortions, exiles, knocking as refugees at the gates of cities where they knew the best art was being produced and snatching from it whatever they required. In our own century we have had the case of Picasso, the exile from Spain; in the eighteenth century the case of Fuseli, soaking himself in German, Italian and English ways of thought but identifying himself with none of them; in the seventeenth, the cases of Liss, the phenomenon from Holstein who was trained in Holland and ended up in Venice, and of Serodine, who insinuated into civilised Rome his Alpine savagery; in the sixteenth, the case of Lotto, who shuffled from Venice, to Rome, back to Venice, to Bergamo, to the Marches, looting from the North and the South, restless, undignified, capricious, clumsy, and more exciting than any but the very best because he alone of secondary painters was always stumbling on ways of representation which took centuries to become commonplace.

Those who were privileged to attend the great exhibition in Venice three years ago held in Lotto's honour can never forget those rows of portraits, with a twist to a mouth or dislocated chin or slant to an eye which betrayed a taste (rare before Goya) for people as human beings rather than as representatives of a class or manner of life; those trees and rocks undreamt-of south of the Alps by any North Italian of Lotto's time; the landscape in the Contini *Susanna*, worthy—I exaggerate slightly—of the adolescent Corot; the light beneath the arches in the Berlin *Christ taking leave of His Mother*, which makes one think of Elsheimer, and the pots on the shelf of the Jesi *Annunciation* which one would have sworn never occurred to art before Terborch. Some of the insignificant details in the unbelievable *St. Lucy* predellas, with the light poking at a wall, a figure slumped in a corner, a tomb in a niche edged with sun, would be regarded as risky for an artist of architectural subjects 170 years later, say a Giuseppe Maria Crespi. A woman in a veil moving among a crowd below St. Anthony in the altarpiece in SS. Giovanni e Paolo was not, as one might suppose, touched in by Manet, nor were the mourners over the dead body of Christ, in Lotto's picture in a Florentine collection, painted by the aged Renoir at Cagnes (an apt comparison of Longhi's). As for Lotto's last masterpiece, the Loreto *Presentation*, which Berenson described as "perhaps the most 'modern' picture ever painted by an old Italian master"—its pearly lights, its soft browns, greys and yellows, the room above moaning for lack of occupants, the swift portrait sketches (one head snapped at a twist of the neck), are not (or have I missed something?) to be found in art before Degas.

I refrained from re-reading the book under review, after twenty years, in the beautiful new Phaidon edition, until I had written the last three paragraphs, in case I was influenced by it, because I did not wish to be diverted from a few points I had to make about Lotto which I thought were not to be found there. I have now re-read it, and realise that I owe more to it than I knew. It is true that Mr. Berenson puts forward certain points of view which are not now digestible: such as his refusal to recognise Lotto at his best as a mannered artist—a point of view excusable at a time when "mannered" was a term of abuse and had to be apologised for or skated over; but on the whole he seized on the essential points over sixty years ago when the book first came out, and has needed, in this the third edition, to make few modifications. I am amazed to discover here the same ideas, more picturesquely expressed, with, needless to say, greater learning, as I have propounded above—amazed not at my perception but at the extent to which quite unwittingly I have drawn on his attitude to the artist—an attitude which even the great exhibition at Venice, and the recent discovery of so many new works, have not shattered.

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Economics of the Future

The Accumulation of Capital. By JOAN ROBINSON. *Macmillan.* 28*s.*

Strange as it may now seem, economics in the early Thirties was quite unfit to deal with its two most basic problems. It could not deal with the question of unemployment. Nor could it analyse systematically technical progress and economic growth. Both were ruled out by the assumptions of the static model on which there was built a more and more elaborate and more and more useless superstructure of deductive inference. Even in the restricted field of static groping after an explanation of how prices and incomes were determined, it gave answers which were unusable: it postulated perfect competition which never existed. Content was sacrificed to formal elegance, applicability to mathematical determinateness.

Within a few years a great deal had changed. And in that revolution of ideas Mrs. Robinson had the unique distinction of participating decisively in two important innovations. She was the first to furnish the means of analysing imperfect markets. And she was one of the protagonists of what is now called the Keynesian revolution. It will never be possible to assign precisely the origins of the various elements which together smashed orthodox economics. What Keynes himself did with his General Theory (and this is his foremost merit, at any rate from the point of view of the economist, and, thus ultimately, of the policy-maker), was that he gave a coherent framework to what had been *ad hoc* grumbles and heresies. He made them academically respectable. The basis was laid for a sane economic policy which even the Conservative Government here and in the U.S. (as contrasted with Central Banks) could not jettison completely.

Still, even the Keynesian revolution did not provide an answer to the ultimately most important question, the problem of long-run growth. Thus Mrs. Robinson was given the chance of performing a unique hat-trick in the evolution of her science, initiating a third radically new line of thought. And how well she used it! Her present book is among the most significant, and perhaps is the most significant, of post-war contributions to economics. It is not an easy book to read nor indeed a well-constructed one. It contains a mine of new material and raises—as do all path-breaking contributions—many more questions than it answers. But what an astonishing example it is both of superb logical craftsmanship in detail and wonderfully rich scientific imagination.

The core of the work is contained in its second part which analyses the process of capital accumulation and technical progress. It creates new tools (or rather refurbishes older ones) to analyse both the accumulation of capital with unchanging techniques, and the problems originating in the improvement of techniques. The rest of the work represents the gradual relaxation of the stringent abstractions of this central core. All these problems are subjected to comparative analysis by a simultaneous investigation of economic systems at different stages of their development, or of different natural endowments. In this way problems which had always proved intractable almost naturally fall into place. It will take long years of work to exhaust all the new possibilities of research opened up, and—perhaps this is more important—to elaborate the practical implications of Mrs. Robinson's analysis of the vital problems raised by the urgency of conscious action to overcome the poverty of under-developed areas.

In addition, the first and last part of the book "contains some discussion of the concepts and categories required for the analysis of accumulation" and "notes on a variety of topics in order to defend the concepts used." In fact, what Mrs. Robinson did was to explode finally the vestiges of classical analysis that remained. She shows that certain concepts, such as capital and its relation to output, which seemed so safe and tangible, cannot be measured accurately in conditions of dynamic growth. The most up-to-date statistics show that while industrial output has risen by 25 per cent. in the last six years in the U.S., productive capacity rose by 40 per cent. without causing any excess.

She also shows that nothing can usefully be said as to why productive investment settles down at any particular level in any historical moment, or why (and at what level) workers begin to resist an encroachment on their real wages by an increase in prices. Yet these two—and the change in productive technique—determine not merely the rate of the progress of an economy but also the distribution of the product. By giving us tools to analyse these movements in a dynamic setting—never done before—Mrs. Robinson has accomplished a more destructive revolution in economics than the Keynesian. What Keynes had shown, after all, was merely that in certain conditions the orthodox analysis is inapplicable, because of its conflicting assumptions. What Mrs. Robinson demonstrates is that certain basic

questions hitherto asked by economists are meaningless: in this way she has put paid to the efforts of even those fellow-Keynesians who attempt to use identities and definitions for establishing an operationally relevant theory of economic development and income distribution. The inveterate tendency of economists to lend spurious exactitude to vague tendencies through mathematical formulæ evolved by implicit theorising has received a shock from which it will hardly recover.

We are left with the impression that the path of an economic system is determined by historic configuration rather than a self-sufficient economic mechanism with settled "laws." Thus is demonstrated the essentially historical character of economic growth, which in its infinite variety defies easy prediction. If in this way the book is the direct outcome of (and could not have been written without the author having experienced) the post-war struggle between inflation and productivity, that fact is perhaps the greatest praise one can pay Mrs. Robinson.

The next task is to analyse more closely than Mrs. Robinson was able to do the interaction of coexisting economic systems at different stages of their development. It is in that field that the non-Communist world is on trial in the new era of "competitive coexistence," and it is in that field that the old economics gave the least plausible answers. Mrs. Robinson may have initiated yet another revolution in policy-making which will in the future be considered as epoch-making as that far-off one where she won her first spurs.

T. BALOGH

Press-Ganged

Deadline and Dateline. By RENÉ MACCOLL. *Oldbourne Press.* 15*s.*

Newspapers To-day. By ALAN PITT ROBBINS. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

To the man who asked how much it cost to run a steam yacht, J. P. Morgan replied: "If you have to ask, you can't." The same answer can be given to anyone who asks how to become a journalist. As a career, journalism has a lot in common with Nelson's navy—excitement, opportunity and risk, punctuated by the boredom of detail and routine—and, once caught by the press gang, you warn others against the calling but refuse to forsake it yourself. Both Mr. MacColl and Mr. Pitt Robbins, for instance, feel and communicate the fascination of their work, though it is a fascination quite different from the blend of glamour and distaste with which the public generally regards the press, and both of them give advice to the aspirant journalist which boils down to J. P. Morgan's terse retort.

These two books, however, make an intriguing contrast. Mr. MacColl is among the best and most lively of the professional foreign correspondents (first on the *Telegraph* and, since the war, on the *Express*) while Mr. Pitt Robbins, formerly the home news editor of *The Times*, is now Secretary of the Press Council, and their books reveal the wide differences between their attitudes and experiences. For Mr. MacColl, journalism is a form of war, a privateer's descent on uncharted islands of fact, populated by natives who may be friendly, neutral or hostile, but all of them prey for the reporter. If you wish to know why the Beaverbrook newspapers are such bright entertainment—and why they have so little influence—Mr. MacColl provides the answer: a keen eye, pungent writing and—I use the word in its exact sense—irresponsibility. Lord Beaverbrook and Arthur Christiansen have discovered how to dramatise news in a way that holds the attention of the reader without making any impact on his opinions, and it is this formula which Mr. MacColl applies with great artistry. Read, for example, his chapters on the Spanish Civil War, Washington politics or Tito. Mr. MacColl's story holds your interest, but it tells you nothing of any importance: the shiny writing dazzles, and you do not realise until you reach the end that your knowledge and your views remain completely unchanged. As miscellany, entertainment, it scores, notably in the brilliantly funny chapter on King Zog's wedding. As journalism, in the more ponderous "responsible" sense that Mr. Pitt Robbins uses the word, it is like Mr. Henry Ford's view of history—"bunk."

One has only to compare Mr. MacColl's account of his story on the death of George V with the Printing House Square standards of Mr. Pitt Robbins to see the contrast. He took with him to Sandringham scribbled notes on bronchial catarrh, circulation difficulties and a weakening heart, copied from *The Pocket Doctor*. Finding that there was no "colour" in the death-watch at the gates, Mr. MacColl then wrote a detailed account of the treatment being given the King which began: "I can reveal that. . . ." He remarks that "I have no reason to this day to suppose that my description of the King's treatment was faulty," but he shows no remorse at all at the fact that he faked his story. Yet this kind of thing is exactly what an ordinary member of the public believes that reporters do all the time—a belief that is often confirmed when anyone has personal knowledge of events or persons described in a newspaper—and it helps to justify the public suspicion that the press is more amusing than reliable.

Mr. Pitt Robbins, I believe, would strongly deprecate such practices. His book is so sober, so ethical, so carefully worded, that it gives the impression that Fleet Street is the extra-mural department of the B.B.C. rather than an annexe of El Vino's. There is nothing wrong with his description of modern newspapers except that it is a very precise description of *The Times*—of a world in which no one like René MacColl or Arthur Christiansen or Hugh Cudlipp has ever materialised. Technically, for those who want to know the processes by which a newspaper is produced, nothing could be better. But this book keeps up the pretensions of the Fourth Estate in the style of a Fourth Leader: Geoffrey Dawson would happily have distributed it at a school prize-giving. I applaud the standards that Mr. Pitt Robbins sets in drawing his map of the newspaper jungle. But the young man beginning his journey would do better to take a knife with a keen edge.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

New Novels

Ten North Frederick. By JOHN O'HARA. *Cresset Press.* 16*s.*

Train to Pakistan. By KHUSHWANT SINGH. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

. . . And the Rain My Drink. By HAN SUYIN. *Cape.* 16*s.*

Trial By Fire. By CHARLES ELLIOTT. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Night-Comers. By ERIC AMBLER. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

All these five books are novels of place; their authors are attempting not so much to cast a searchlight into the human mind as to explode a flare at the crossroads of a civilisation. But flares are clumsy instruments; sometimes they reveal only dark silhouettes, scampering across neutral horizons. Much depends on the timing and accuracy with which they are fired. Mr. O'Hara, for instance, is a master-gunner. His flare falls bang on the doorstep of No. 10, North Frederick, the austere, ancient and respectable home of Judge Joe Chapin, first citizen of Gibbsville, Pa. The timing, too, is precise: for though this hefty novel follows the fortunes of the Chapin family through much historical country, it rises to its climax in 1945, splitting the seam of two ages. It may, or may not, be a desirable thing to explore the mechanics of American grass-root politics, the sexual encyclopædia of its up-country middle-class, the social structure of its expanding small-town life; but if it is, Mr. O'Hara is a painstaking and perceptive guide, and by the time his flare has burnt itself out there are few dark corners in Gibbsville we have not visited.

And Joe Chapin? There are times when he appears to become simply the excuse for Mr. O'Hara's sociological probings. He himself, as a leading citizen, as a lawyer, as a deceived husband, as a disastrously postulant politician, as the father of two wayward adolescents and, finally, as an elderly lover, is often used merely as a key to unlock different corridors. Mr. O'Hara, of course, is admirably professional; the many wheels, great and small, which drive the machinery of his novel hum, for the most part, silently beneath the surface, and the complex switches of time and place pass almost unnoticed; but his book comes dangerously near to becoming merely one more of those 400-page panoramas of American life—an epic without a hero. In the last 100 pages, however, all comes well: Joe Chapin, for so long lost in the *pelaton*, breaks free in the straight and romps home an easy winner. By the time he is in his grave we know a great deal more about him—and this is the point—than the average citizen of Gibbsville, and the experience is vastly entertaining.

Eastwards, now, from Gibbsville to Mano Majra on the India-Pakistan border. The time, again, is just right: the British legions are withdrawing and the monsoon air crackles with religious hatreds. Sikhs and Muslims have lived peaceably together for centuries in the village, but Partition has set in motion uncontrollable forces of fanaticism, and Mano Majra is sucked into the maelstrom. Mr. Singh is knowledgeable, compassionate and unpartisan; he is also a most gifted writer, and the background to his story is sketched in with brilliant precision. True, the characters which manipulate his story—a corrupt, cunning and humane magistrate, a Communist whose idealism cannot conceal his cowardice, and a village wastrel whose final act of heroism averts catastrophe—seem a bit too average to be true. But this is not of great importance; what matters in *Train to Pakistan* is the feel and sounds of the

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jungle, the chatter of anxious villagers round the kerosene lamp in the temple, the fumbling trial of strength between reason and religion in a primitive society.

Two thousand miles to the south-east there is Malaya and Miss Han Suyin. She has already, in *A Many Splendoured Thing*, anatomised Hong-Kong; now she is hard at work in the jungles and Resettlement Camps of the Emergency. In just over 300 pages she crowds in the *dramatis personæ* of the conflict of three civilisations: Chinese millionaires and politicos, red-faced Blimps and earnest British liberals, beautiful police-informers and fanatical Communists, Eurasian lady doctors and incoherent Malayan peasants. By no means all are convincing; but the substance of the Message—that neither force nor sympathy alone can set Malaya to rights—is conveyed clearly, powerfully and gracefully. What the novel lacks is a central point of focus, a dominant character to carry us safely through the maze. Honesty has forced the writer to sacrifice everything to sociological truth; and, the average reader being what he is, she must not be surprised if he finds her book easy to put down.

Finally, two novels where the exotic background is merely an excuse for telling a tall story. Mr. Elliott takes us to one of those sinister sheikdoms on the Persian Gulf whose oil, Sir Anthony Eden tells us, is vital to our standard of living. The question is: how to hang on to it. Wolfers, the company boss, believes in force; Grant, the British Adviser, in diplomacy. And, in the conflict between the two, not only the oil but Grant's wife is at stake. Diplomacy—needless to say in this enlightened age—wins, but not until a considerable quantity of the oil and of Mrs. Grant's emotions have gone up in smoke. A crude outline, I fear, of a not very subtle story; though NEW STATESMAN readers need have no fear of the Message.

Mr. Ambler—and what a relief it is!—is not interested in Messages. His South-east Asian republic, where a corrupt democracy is locked in mortal conflict with counter-revolutionary army officers, is authentic enough. But what interests Mr. Ambler, and us, is not the future of the democracy but the series of events which kept Steve Fraser from catching the plane to England, Home and Beauty and held him prisoner in Selampang. Until he catches that plane—and this takes us to the 233rd and last page—our eyes are too closely glued to the narrative to wonder what happened to the Five Principles of Coexistence.

PETER ST. JOHN

Shorter Reviews

Letters of Juan Gris. Translated by DOUGLAS COOPER. *Lund Humphries.* 70*s.*

This volume of letters is to date the only one available in either French or English. So far no letters have been found written by Gris between 1906, when he first arrived in Paris from Spain, and 1913 from where these begin. Even after that there are gaps; but from what is collected together here, a picture of the man does emerge, and there are also reports and opinions which tie up usefully and interestingly with the histories of his contemporaries. Most of the letters are addressed either to Kahnweiler, his patron, to Gertrude Stein or to Maurice Raynal. Gris was by no means a fluent or natural writer, and no one could say that he had an obviously sympathetic personality. One's first reaction on reading these letters is one of contempt for their pettiness, self-pity, narrow-fistedness. Then one becomes rather humbler. Gris was never fully recognised, he was always short of money, he was an *émigré*, he had bad health, and a lingering early death. Was his fault simply that he didn't pretend to be less irritable and depressed than he often understandably was? Behind these letters there is an integrity a little like Stendhal's in his Journal. We don't like the man: but suddenly we realise that he would rather be disliked than bother to lie.

His scattered opinions on art are precise—he was highly analytical—and revealing. The following is a typical example. "I believe that the 'quality' of an artist derives from the quantity of the past that he carries in himself from his artistic atavism. The more of this heritage he has the more 'quality' he has. This has nothing to do with his natural gifts or his talent, that is to say his accomplishments or even his style. Thus the imitation of 'quality' leads to pastiche, and so does exaggeration of the amount one has. One's resemblance to one's parents is always strong enough without putting on their clothes." The translation is invisible.

J. B.

The Critical Sense. By JAMES REEVES. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This is a good primer of practical criticism, brisk in manner, clearly written and without pretensions. It opens with a few pages on the nature of the critical activity which show more tolerance and education than one usually finds in books of the practical school. Then a section on the criticism of prose; and finally of poetry. The aim is frankly didactic; use of the book in class is envisaged and each section has an appendix containing material for further study.

Sometimes, particularly when Mr. Reeves is making general remarks, the snip-snap handbook style grows wearisome, and the sad thought came to me that an elementary book is bound to be largely futile. "We may sometimes say of objective writing that it is detached and unemotional; subjective writing is often emotional. The ironist writes in a detached way; he stands apart from his subject. His emotions are kept below the surface". And so on. But throughout this book the specimens of prose and poetry are well chosen and deftly handled, which is to say that Mr. Reeves has achieved his main purpose. The glossary of literary terms at the end is a good idea, and a brave idea too, since awkward words like diction, irony and sentimentality are there defined.

J. J.

Essays in Conceptual Analysis. Edited by ANTONY FLEW. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

The spectre of unemployment must now be hovering over a small but hitherto vigorous light industry—the production of anthologies of philosophical articles. At least nine have come out in the last few years; no less than four of them, including the present volume, under the editorship of Professor Flew, of North Staffordshire, the Louis Untermeyer, or perhaps the Mr. Clore, of current philosophy. Though there is plenty of ore in this particular load, the workings must by now be nearly exhausted. One sign of trouble is a sort of Tristram Shandy effect: all but one of these articles date from after the beginning of systematic exploitation of periodicals by anthologists.

Most of the eleven contributors are in their thirties and ten of them are pretty closely connected with Oxford and with Oxford philosophy of the Ryle-Austin brand. The range of topics they deal with has been selected with reference to the Oxford "Logic" examination. This, like Oxford itself, is a sociological mystery, an institution that works fairly well though on no formulable principle. It contains, but goes beyond, a definite field of inquiry: philosophy of language or theory of meaning. This subject has not yet been explicitly defined; someone should write a book on it. Till then this collection, whose pace is set by Mr. Strawson's brilliant article *On Referring*, will be of considerable use.

A. M. Q.

Liszt. By WALTER BECKETT. Master Musicians Series. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The enigma of Liszt continues to elude his biographers. There have been other puzzling or opaque characters in musical history (Brahms, Debussy), but in the case of Liszt the incongruities (to use his own just word) of the man's temperament are fundamental to his music as well. There must, we feel, have been something seriously wrong with Liszt. . . The main trouble was that he had no single hard core to his character: he had several cores, and none of them was hard. The variety of his gifts was an aspect of his virtuosity: his love was sincere—while it lasted; his generosity to other musicians was perfectly disinterested; his religious sense, though not profound, was real; he was exceedingly intelligent in all sorts of ways, as well as (more evidently) clever; where musical form and harmony were concerned he was an innovator of genius. In other men such qualities might have coalesced; in Liszt they failed to do so, because he lacked the unifying principle which more ordinary men acquire as they mature. The result was a divided heart whose facile emotions were expressed in those of his melodies (*e.g.*, the third *Liebestraum*) which we may agree to call sentimental. For Liszt desired above all to please, and so lacked the strength of mind to say no—whether on the concert platform or in more intimate surroundings.

The story of this fascinating personality has been told several times since Lina Ramann's shameless attempt to conceal or distort the facts. The present volume adds nothing of importance to what we already knew, and it draws no very interesting or fresh conclusions, either from the facts of Liszt's career or from the study of his musical development. Some of the Master Musicians series have

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been triumphs of compression: this is not one of them, for the compression, at least in the biographical section, is so evident that all sense of perspective is lost. The various phases of Liszt's long life are described, but in so unskilful a way that the reader derives no impression that it *progressed*. Dr. Beckett has some pertinent things to say about Liszt's subservience to women, but in his efforts to be fair he is far too kind to Marie d'Agoult, a mischievous, proud and devouring woman if ever there was one. In fact, the author does not seem much to like either Liszt or his music. This is understandable; but it is difficult—perhaps impossible—to write usefully about this bewildering man unless one has some sympathy with his weaknesses.

E. S. W.

Roman Mornings. By JAMES LEES-MILNE. *Wingate.* 17*s.*

In these six essays on six Roman buildings Mr. Lees-Milne attempts a guide-book for the tourist which is at the same time a popularised study of architecture. In fact, by choosing his buildings carefully (one ancient, one early Christian, one Romanesque, two from the Renaissance, two Baroque, and one Rococo) he comes near to giving a skeletal history of the central tradition of European architecture. It cannot have been easy. But he only once (in some remarks in the Introduction on "form" in the Gothic) gets trapped into "talking down"; and only once, when he argues with Mr. Fiske Kimball on the origins of Rococo, does he get into water too deep for the lay reader. In his last pages he dismisses "modernism" in architecture as not properly an architectural style at all, any more than (on his view) the Rococo of the Trevi fountain is architectural; but by this stage he has earned the right to a generalisation.

A big problem was how to conduct architectural analyses without illustrations which would have raised the price unduly. Since we are meant to carry the book on visits to the buildings, fourteen plates are enough; but they are not always well chosen—one is surely wasted for instance on the Bishop's Chair from Santa Maria in Cosmedin. What's more, we ought to have had a sketch-map. But altogether this is such a good idea that one wonders why nobody thought of it before.

D. D.

Yearbook of the International Socialist Labour Movement, 1956-1957. Edited by JULIUS BRAUNTHAL. *Lincolns-Prager.* 63*s.*

This new Yearbook has been edited by Julius Braunthal, till this year secretary of the Socialist International, under the joint auspices of that body and of the Asian Socialist Conference. The greater part of it consists of brief accounts of the Socialist and Labour Parties affiliated to or recognised by one or other of these bodies, together with the full text of their current and of some of their earlier programmes. Each account deals briefly with the history of the party and of earlier parties out of which it arose; but nothing is included either about the Communist Parties or about other parties unconnected with the two sponsoring Internationals, such as the Nenni Socialist Party in Italy or Mapai in Israel. There is a good deal of difference from country to country in the method of treating the historical part, which is in some cases rather jejune; but full information is given about such matters as the Socialist vote in elections and representation in Parliament and on Provincial Councils, and a complete list of Socialist newspapers and journals, with editors and addresses, is provided. No attempt is made to give any account of the Trade Union movements, which are dealt with in a similar Yearbook published by Lincolns-Prager for the I.C.F.T.U. In future issues, in addition to improving some of the historical presentation, it would be useful to include rather more about the position of the various parties in the field of local government and also, if possible, to print the book in rather bigger type. But, even in its present form, it is a most valuable compilation, which no one wishing to be well informed about the situation and policies of democratic Socialism can afford not to study with care.

G. D. H. C.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,377

Set by J. B. Roderic

Penguins, inaugurated in 1935, come of age this month. Readers are invited to celebrate the occasion by offering verse congratulations. Limit, 16 lines. Entries by Monday, July 30.

Result of No. 1,374

Set by G. de Vavasour

The classic nursery rhymes, we are told, are in fact cryptic or vestigial records of bygone historical happenings. Prizes are offered for a nursery rhyme current in future centuries, based (as future folklorists may conjecture) on an event of 1955-6.

Report

A brisk survey of the astonishingly large entry shows that the main historical events of 1955–6 concerned a Frog, two Bears, a Wedding, a Hangman, and a spot of trouble in Soho. One or two competitors suggested that these were not several events but one—and it may well be that they are right. Ann Jacobs ("What vistas of history open up before us when we hear children of today chant the Soho Counting-out Rhyme, with its hidden references") links at least two in the chorus of her verse:

> Wherever I go Ego's not,
> What I lost Miss Ena's got,
> Automation take the lot.

What was wrong was to offer, as some did, a ballad, or anything too intelligible or pretty. The nursery rhyme proper has been corrupted by generations of infant lips; and, to infants and their keepers, the original story, except in its coarsest outlines, was never very intelligible anyway. Whatever emanates from the nursery, moreover, is far more likely to be touched with sardonic comedy, cruelty and lunatic logic than with charm. A rough verse like this, or like Frank Sinclair's winning entry, has the authentic note:

> Hot Diggerty Doggerty Dot
> A Dime to slash a Spot
> St. Andrew lied,
> Come Rita cried:
> So ho ho, was it not? (Adam O'Riordan)

Prizes of a guinea each go to the eight whose entries are printed below.

Runners-up are many. They include J. G. Dixon, Joyce Johnson, Stanley Sharpless, Betty Maycock, Vera Telfer, Gloria Prince, M. J. Morden, D. R. Peddy, Geoffrey Rose.

> Bulge and crush
> Gave Jack the push
> For fighting ultimaties.
> All the meat
> He/got to eat
> Was white bread and potaties
> O-U-T - spells - OUT - and - OUT - you - must - go
> Be - cause - I - say - so!

(Believed to date from 1956. In that year, the country was visited by two foreign notabilities, Bulganin and Krushchev, and many workers were dismissed without notice by employers who had installed automatic machinery. The reference to potatoes, a food of the rich, is ironic. Some versions give "automaties" or "eighty maties." The popular belief that this last version refers to one Jack Spratt, a workman who is supposed to have lost his livelihood through continuing to work during a strike which his Trade Union had condemned, is not supported by surviving contemporary records.)

H. T. A. TREGEAR

> Crab Man, Frog Man, swam to Pompey,
> Caught a Tartar by the toe.
> Cried the Tartar, "Silly Donkey!
> Hi there! You there! Down below!"
> Will you? Won't you, will you? Won't you?
> *Will* you let me go?

ERICA SCOTT

Dylan Thomas

By HENRY TREECE *15s.*

This is a fully revised edition of the first full-sized critical work on Dylan Thomas to appear. Henry Treece brings to his subject an acute perception and the eye of a practised craftsman. Poet, novelist, and author of children's books himself, he writes with literary knowledge, and his criticism is always lively and entertaining.

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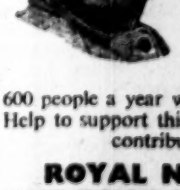

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Rub-a-dub-dub,
The king gets a sub;
The knave is filching some oil in a tub.
The king in a rage hits the knave with a club:
And the oil runs away with a glub-glub-glub.

NIALL MACCARMAIG

click click googer
tick tick town
Mushroom mushroom
all fall down

burn burn shadow
dried tide drown
mushroom mushroom
all fall down

DESMOND SKIRROW

Sillerman, Sillerman, sausage and soap,
What did you do with the hangman's old rope?
I took it and burned it in sugar and glue
And now the poor hangman has nothing to do.

ALLAN M. LAING

Old Steel Joe, he died long ago,
And they called him a saint for a year;
But soon after that, they smelt a rat,
And his halo fell over his ear,

ALLAN M. LAING

Odd Johnny Casey crossed the sea
Nickoly-nickety came to tea
Found Aunt Tinny charming
Hugh Smob alarming
Odd Johnny Casey sailed away.

FRANK SINCLAIR

Old Johnny Kedgeree*, fishing in the sea,
Caught a crab and said "Oh, dear me!
What shall we do with him, Mr. Bee,
Take him away with us, over the sea,
Over the sea to Muscovy?"

"Fol-de-rol, fiddle-de-dee,
I really can't say" says Anthony.

LOUIS THRESHER

*Corruption of *Ordzhonikidze*

A Bee and Jay came down our way
To see how we did hunger;
Came afloat in a very new boat,
And Crab went diving under.

What they saw they did deplore—
It wasn't right and proper.
Gander said: "Off with his head!"
And Hedgehog got the chopper.

(The original version of the second verse is said to be as follows:

What they saw they did deplore—
It wasn't like their propa
ganda said. Off with his head!
And dead Joe got the chopper.)

EFTY

City Lights

Sapphire Mink Bolero—£2,500

Exclamation marks and banner headlines are Sir Bernard's natural regalia. You can take him as a gigantic Chestertonian gesture or feel rather sorry for him, as you might for a more doglike Macbeth. But the proper censorious line is rather hard to take: the easiest way about it is to forget Sir Bernard and stick to figures. Last year, according to the B.S.A. directors who sacked him, he drew £44,214 from the company. Rather more than half of this came from his fees as chairman (£3,500) and his salary as managing director (£20,000). In addition, he drew £11,148 in expenses and the company paid £9,566 in pension scheme contributions. This total does not include the five special Daimlers built for him at a cost of over £50,000, and very little, presumably, of the publicity he promoted, which involved the company in "heavy expense" and contained a "predominantly personal element."

Sir Bernard may not be typical of anything. But, until his wife's flair for the limelight ran away with him, his position seemed ordinary and respectable enough—chairman of a well-known company with the Prudential Assurance Company as its largest shareholder, and director—until recently—of the Midland Bank. The statement issued by his fellow directors stresses the "undesirable publicity" attracted by public disclosure of these affairs. Other shy businessmen may sympathise with this choice of phrase.

* * *

The Robinson & Cleaver contest has moved into its ritual stage, with the directors advising shareholders to turn down the bid. Their circular starts off with a roar—£5 is "totally inadequate," it would not be in shareholders' best interests to accept "such a low figure"—but peters out distressingly soon afterwards. The properties, it now appears for the first time, were revalued a year ago and net assets are worth some £7 5s. a share; a more liberal dividend policy will be possible in the future, and with turnover increasing satisfactorily during the year just ending a "substantially increased" final dividend should be possible in October. But there is no firm statement about profits and no firm forecast of dividends. The asset figure may indeed suggest that the bidder is out for a bargain, but it also shows up how badly shareholders have done until now. The bidder's reply should be easy enough to draft—though he is still hampered by not knowing how much cash is lying about.

Property—being the easiest thing to undervalue in a balance-sheet and to help gloss over directors' incapacity—makes the classical bid situation. But money is even more interesting while the squeeze lasts and the Capital Issues Committee regulates all borrowing over the £10,000 mark. Airports, which used to own Gatwick, is a company whose assets are entirely in cash; liquidation, after paying expenses and waiting some time, would make the shares worth some 10s. apiece. Two companies have been counter-bidding for the cash in Airports for some time, offering shareholders either cash, or an exchange into their own shares, or a mixture of both. The idea, of course, is to pay out as little money as possible, and the share-exchange offers have been pitched at a relatively attractive level. The winning company has taken this miserly policy to its limit—after gaining enough acceptances for control it has closed its offer, leaving those who made the wrong choice with no chance of liquidation and no bid to accept, indirect victims of the credit squeeze.

Another bid case of the week, if it is, has a purely romantic interest. St. John d'el Rey is a Brazilian gold mine, whose dividends after diminishing steadily have now disappeared altogether. But the share price has been climbing steadily. There may be solid grounds for expecting a bid: the company has undeveloped iron-ore deposits, and with Japan setting up a steel mill in Brazil and Bethlehem Steel (of the U.S.) thinking of mining there, something may turn up. But part of the speculative interest in the shares is undoubtedly a reflection of the recent and Wodehousian good-fortune of shareholders in a Columbian gold mine name Frontino.

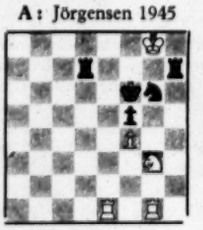
There is an American company called South American Gold and Platinum which has changed its management for the better. It came into the news here last year when it fought and drew a prolonged battle with Lobitos for Anglo-Ecuadorian Oilfields. It came into the news again when the president of the company, talking more freely than usual at a party, expatiated on the advantages of taking over British-owned firms in South America, mentioned a company "X" in which he had already gained a controlling interest without its directors knowing anything about it, and another, "XX," which he intended to deal with in the same way. "X" soon turned out to be Frontino, and the shares—which had already been going up for a year—went up another 12s. 6d. Some people, no doubt, find it pleasant to imagine, with however little reason, that St. John d'el Rey might be "XX". TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 349. The Blind Spot

For those of us who are all too prone to apparently inexplicable blundering it is comforting to see grandmasters come a cropper in much the same way. At the recent Mar del Plata tournament Najdorf (who finally had to share 1st and 2nd with Bolbochan) had a glorious start of 9 points out of 10 games, 1½ points ahead of the field. Then (Black against Sanguinetti), he got himself into this unpleasant even though not entirely hopeless position. By (52) Q-B8 White forestalled P-KB4 in view of Q-KKt8 threatening to win the B. The sequel was . . . R x P. (53) Q-Q8 ch, K-K3. (54) K-B5, R-B6 ch. (55) K-Kt6, P-B3. (56) Q-KB8!, R-K6. (57) K-B7, R-K5; and now Najdorf was really lost since White could have simply played (58) Q-KKt8 ch, winning the B. Obviously . . . B-B2 would have allowed a mate in 3 by (59) Q-QB8 ch, etc. Yet, instead of so obvious a winning move White made the appalling blunder (58) K-Q8. And what did Najdorf do about this incredible stroke of luck? He did something even more incredible. He resigned. With the clock stopped and the score-sheets duly signed by both masters one of the crowd modestly approached Najdorf. "Excuse me, grandmaster," he said, "I am only a duffer, but why, please *why* didn't you play (58) . . . R x KtP?" Why indeed? He just hadn't seen it, nor had his opponent. Najdorf, of course, may find some consolation in the fact that even the great Alekhine was not immune against incredible blundering. Here (in space-saving Forsyth) is a case in point. /5r2/3p2k1/1p6/p1p2q2/P1BbbPp1/6Kt1/1P2RP1P/3Q2K1/ Alekhine (Black against Buerger) played . . . Q x P. And did Buerger grab the Q by Kt-R5 ch? He didn't see it either, he simply played Kt x B. If it is true that four eyes see more than two, ten eyes should see even more. Here then is a position in which the Black pieces were conducted by Bogoljubov, Grünfeld, Kostich, Sterk and Abonyi. /2r1rktk1/5p1p/b2q2p1/p1p3Q1/4R1Kt1/5BP1/ PP3P1P/2R3K1. Those powerful Allies blithely p'a7ed . . . R x R, overlooking that after a check on R6 the insatiable Kt would devour the Q, to say nothing of the concluding titbit of the exchange. I wonder if readers have suffered from (or profited by) similar lapses.

A: Jörgensen 1945



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position which, oddly enough, is identical with a 3-mover many centuries old. **B** and **C** are both draws, both very ingenious studies and not too difficult, I hope for 6 and 7 ladder-points.

Usual prizes. Entries by July 30.

B: A. Troitzky 1911

C: E. N. Somov-Nasimovitch 1939

REPORT ON COMPETITIONS

No. 346. Set June 30

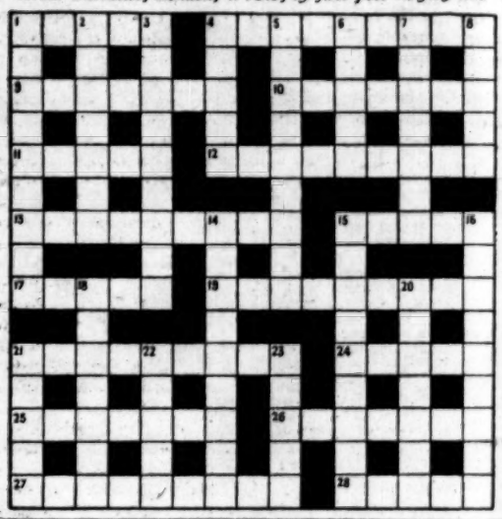
A: (1) Q-Kt4 ch, K-Q6. (2) Q-K2 ch, K-B7. (3) P-Q3 ch, K x B. (4) O-O mate.
B: (1) P-K6, R-R2. (2) P-K7! B-K5! (3) Kt-B3 ch, K-Kt5. (4) Kt-K5 ch, K-B5. (5) Kt-Kt6 ch, B x Kt. (6) P=Q, B x Q.
C: (1) K-Kt3, P=Q. (2) B-B4 ch, K-Kt8. (3) B x P ch, K-R8. (4) B-Q6, Q-K7. (5) B-Kt4, Q x KtP. (6) B-K4, P-K4. (7) P-B3 etc.

An easy lot and many correct or near-correct solutions. Several solvers expressed their special delight in **C**. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, W. M. Hancock, J. R. Harman, A. E. Harris, J. Mitchell.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 208

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 208, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 31.



ACROSS

1. "The devil damn thee black, thou —— -faced loon" (*Macbeth*) (5).
4. Base in which a brig is wrecked in front of a table (9).
9. No cause is needed by the diety (7).
10. Perpetually finishing on street work (7).
11. How to make the mates go by sea (5).
12. Pivoted and increased about four (9).
13. Unreservedly caught and bowled perhaps? (9).
15. Cricketer or dignitary (5).
17. Cricketers make mistakes (5).
19. Wrecked friend and lover of Miranda (9).
21. Plots with the persons in charge in disguise (9).
24. Craft which may have a following wind (5).
25. King in old age changed into a musician (7).
26. Lecturers holding a paper are intimidating creatures (7).
27. Ship of the desert perhaps with a man inside (9).
28. Literary man with no word of consent (5).

DOWN

1. Christianity submits before weapons (9).
2. One woman is above all others in height (7).
3. Mum is changed with tennis equipment (9).
4. Talks freely in a language as confusing as esperanto (5).
5. Athlete makes jest about the rise of evil (9).
6. Woman in a hotel up east (5).
7. To agree entirely (7).
8. Swift and quiet amid the attack (5).
14. Collection to present to a party man (9).
15. Form of transport which makes a broken trail in the sea (9).
16. Reparations concerning articles of clothing (9).
18. Disregards nothing in turbulent reigns (7).
20. A lot of powers all over my body (7).
21. Caught the senile and put them in prison (5).
22. The return of the disease starts up and makes one less healthy looking (5).
23. Man's constant companion (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 206

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 206

E. M. Tibbits (*Herne Bay*), *E. G. Guest* (*Edinburgh*), *D. Wendon* (*Lowestoft*)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIA—University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for five appointments to Chairs in the following subjects: 1, Classics; 2, French; 3, German; 4, History; 5, Geography. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,000 per annum plus cost of living adjustment which is at present £A34 per annum. The University reserves the right to make no appointment to any of these Chairs or to fill any of them by invitation. Conditions of appointment and additional information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is September 3, 1956.

THE Architectural Association School of Architecture, Department of Tropical Architecture. The Council of the A.A. invites applications for the post of Director of the Department of Tropical Architecture. The appointment becomes vacant in September 1957. Candidate appointed will be asked to assist on a part-time basis under the present Director for the coming session from September 24, 1956 to March 22, 1957. Salary as Director £1,100; as assistant for 1956/57 session by arrangement. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, A.A., 36 Bedford Sq., W.C.1, to whom applics. should be sent not later than Aug. 27.

METEOROLOGICAL Office, Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. Early application is advised. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course on meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office (M.O.10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). They must have (or obtain in summer, 1956) a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics. Salaries (London rates) £605-£1,055. Women's scales lower but being improved under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,135-£1,345), and higher posts. Particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S52/56. (Met.)

GRADUATE in biology or social science required, with knowledge of hospital records, computing technique, and shorthand-typing, to assist in statistical work on cancer incidence. The successful candidate may be required to undertake some travelling in the United Kingdom for the collection of data. The post is permanent and superannuable, and salary will be according to qualifications and experience. Applications, marked "Statistics", and including the names of two referees, should be addressed to reach the Secretary, Chester Beatty Research Institute (Institute of Cancer Research: Royal Cancer Hospital), Fulham Road, S.W.3, within fourteen days from the date of this advertisement.

FEDERATION of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Vacancy: Economist: Department of the Federal Prime Minister and Cabinet office. Applications are invited from candidates with at least a good Second in Economics and who have had experience in an economic advisory capacity, or in lecturing in Economics, for the post of Economist in the Economic Section of the Department of the Prime Minister and Cabinet Office in Salisbury. The person appointed will work as Deputy to the Senior Economist who is head of the Section. The duties of the Economic Section include advice to the Government on economic questions, development planning, and the preparation of memoranda on these and other allied topics. The conditions of the appointment, which may be on contract for a minimum period of two years, with prospects, thereafter, of permanent, pensionable employment, or on probation for permanent pensionable employment, will depend on the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Applications, which should be submitted in duplicate, should accordingly include present emoluments, in addition to details with regard to age, marital status, nationality, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of three referees, and should reach the Federal Public Service Attaché, Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than July 31.

CUMBERLAND Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Educational Psychologist (man or woman). Applicants should have an Honours Degree in Psychology, or equivalent qualification, recognised training in Child Guidance and teaching experience. The salary scale is Grade II for Educational Psychologists of the Salary Scales for Inspectors, Organisers and Advisory Officers of Local Education Authorities (at present £915×£25—£1,115 for men; and £815×£20(7)×£10—£965 for women, plus equal pay increments leading to the men's salary scale by 1961). Travelling allowance for car and subsistence allowances in accordance with the County Council's scale. It is probable that a flat in the Cockermouth district will be available for the successful candidate. Applications must be received within 10 days after the appearance of this advertisement by the Director of Education, 5 Portland Square, Carlisle, from whom application forms and further particulars may be obtained. G. N. C. Swift, Clerk of the County Council, The Courts, Carlisle.

UNIVERSITY of London. The Senate invites applications for the post of Resident Staff Tutor to work under the Tutorial Classes Committee. The duties include teaching classes in one or more of the subjects usually studied in W.E.A. and University Tutorial Classes, with preference for Philosophy, History or Economics, together with responsibility for organising the work in part of the London Extra-Mural area, probably in Surrey. Good academic qualifications are required and experience in adult education is desirable. Salary £700—£50—£1,400 per annum with a bar at £1,000, also family allowances, and membership of F.S.S.U., the initial salary being determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Particulars and application forms from Director of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1. Completed application forms to be submitted before 27 August.

PERSONNEL Officer (male), well experienced recruitment, required for medium size engineering company West London. Age around 40 preferred. Permanent, superannuated post. Please give full personal details and salary required to Box 6190.

B.B.C. requires Assistant Psychologist in Audience Research Department to assist in planning and execution of Audience Research on Television and Sound Broadcasting (preparatory studies of audiences, assessments of effects of programmes), and to prepare tests and administer them to experimental groups. University degree in Psychology necessary. Reasonable grasp of psychological statistics desirable. Salary £620 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £830 max. If no suitable fully qualified applicant available initial appointment might be on lower grade with prospects of later promotion. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1932 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires Assistant (British subject) in Topical Talks Unit of Eastern Service in London. Duties include writing and editing of day-to-day general and topical talks for translation and broadcasting in Arabic, Persian, Hebrew, Urdu and Hindi programmes. Essential qualifications: good general knowledge of international affairs and home politics; proved ability to write fluently and concisely and to think and work quickly. Special knowledge of Middle East and/or South Asia a considerable advantage. Salary £1,110 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,440 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1953 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. invites applications for Czech/Slovak monitors. Duties: to report on radio transmissions in Czech and Slovak. Qualifications: sound knowledge of world affairs, idiomatic knowledge of Czech and Slovak and a good command of English. Perfect hearing and ability to type; knowledge of other languages an advantage. Salary £725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £960, with promotion to higher grade in the salary range £855-£1,115 in due course. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1926 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

PRINCIPAL Lecturer in Mathematics at Royal Naval College, Greenwich. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men for this established (i.e., pensionable) post, for appointment as soon as possible. Age at least 31 on July 1, 1956. Candidates must possess a 1st- or 2nd-class Honours Degree in Mathematics and have experience of teaching pure and applied mathematics. There may also be a vacancy for an unestablished Senior Lecturer in the same Department, F.S.S.U. would apply to this post. Salary: Principal Lecturer, £1,310-£1,755; Senior Lecturer £1,135-£1,310. Exceptionally starting pay above minimum. Pay and conditions of service are under review. Accommodation may be provided for an unmarried man. Secondment from Scientific Civil Service would be considered. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4610/56/8. Completed applications to be returned by July 31, 1956.

IRVING Theatre, Leicester Sq., reqs. typist, full/part-time. Call betw. 5 & 7 p.m.

GIRL 16-17 reqd. for interesting & unus. typing job, S.W.1 area. Box 5976.

RESEARCH Assistant required in the Psychology Department of the Institute of Psychiatry (University of London) for a special investigation; the appointment will be for one year in the first instance. Applicants should have an Honours Degree in Psychology and an interest in visual research. Previous research experience is not deemed essential. Salary £600 a year. Application forms, to be returned within seven days, from Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5. (RF.49.)

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Committee. Part-time Psychotherapist reqd. at Willesden Child Guidance Centre, 22 Brondesbury Villas, Kilburn, N.W.6, for 5 sessions p.wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised training, and/or equivalent experience in Child Psychotherapy. £2 2s. p. 3-hr. session. Application forms from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Gt. George St., Westminster, S.W.1, ret. by August 10 (Quote T.233 N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

ST. JAMES Hospital, Portsmouth. Play Therapist, Children's Department. Applications for the above post are invited from persons holding an honours degree in psychology of a University of England, Wales, Scotland or Ireland. Salary and Conditions of Service in accordance with P.T.A. Circular No. 27 of the Professional and Technical Council "A" of the Whitley Councils for the Health Services. The post is subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations. Applications, stating age, qualifications, full details of experience and names and addresses of two referees, should be addressed to the Physician Superintendent who will be pleased to answer any enquiries from persons interested in this appointment. Leonard Brown, Group Secretary.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Applications are invited for the following posts: Geography—One Senior Research Fellowship and one Research Fellowship (or two Research Fellowships). History—One Research Fellowship. The appointment in Geography which may be made at the senior level, will be restricted to candidates in Economic Geography. In the case of the History post, preference will be given to a candidate prepared to undertake research on some aspect of the social or cultural history of Australia. Salaries for Senior Research Fellows and Research Fellows are within the ranges £A1,900-£A2,350 and £A1,200-£A1,800 respectively. The appointments in Geography will be for three years; that in History may be for from one to three years. An extension to the maximum of five years is possible in each case. Reasonable removal expenses will be paid, and superannuation on the F.S.S.U. pattern is provided for three year appointments. Successful applicants will be expected to take up their appointments early in 1957. Further details should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close on August 31, 1956.

UNIVERSITY of London, School of Slavonic and East European Studies, W.C.1. Vacancy for Senior Library Assistant on scale £475×£25 to £595. Family allowance and superannuation. Knowledge of at least one Slavonic language essential. Preference for graduate and A.L.A. Applications (2 copies), together with names of two referees, to the Secretary, address as above, by August 10, 1956.

YOUNG man/wom. reqd., good at figures, able type, with intelligence & initiative to learn management of small but expanding Import & Distribution House. Box 6219.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Lectureship in Medical Statistics. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Medical Statistics in the Department of Public Health and Social Medicine. Salary Scale £700×£75 to £1,000; Bar: £1,075×£75 to £1,450 per annum, with placement according to qualifications and experience, and with superannuation benefit and family allowance where applicable. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be lodged as soon as possible. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Lectureship in Celtic. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Celtic. Applicants must have special qualifications in Welsh. Salary scale: £650×£50–£1,350. Initial salary according to experience and qualification. F.S.S.U. and family allowance benefits. Applications (six copies), including the names of not more than three referees, should be lodged not later than August 18, 1956, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of the University Court.

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen.—Applications are invited for a temporary post of Lecturer in Music. Salary in range £650 to £950, with initial placing according to qualifications. Superannuation (F.S.S.U.) and children's allowance. Part of removal expenses refunded. The appointment is for the academic year 1956-57. Applications (eight copies) should be lodged not later than July 28, 1956, with the Secretary, The University, Aberdeen, from whom conditions of appointment and forms of application should be obtained.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires suitably qualified persons for engagement, as vacancies occur, as Child Welfare Officers. Duties include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision, after-care, and other field work associated with deprived children. Salary, £599 5s.—£775 10s. In addition applications are invited for a limited number of positions of Assistant Child Welfare Officers. Salary, £528 15s. (slightly less if under 24 years)—£669 15s. Applicants for this position should be academically qualified for social work but previous experience is not essential. Training will be given with prospects of promotion, to grade of child welfare officer. A panel of selected applicants for positions in both grades will be maintained, and vacancies offered when available. Full details may be obtained from the Children's Officer (CH/E1/1318), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. Please state grade applied for. Closing date July 31, 1956.

COUNTY Council of Essex. County Planning Department. Planning Assistant A.P.T.D. II (£595—£675). Applications invited for above superannuable post at Colchester. The successful applicant will be required to undertake duties in connection with the written, statistical and analytical work necessary in the formulation and review of development plans, and candidates should have had experience in carrying out these duties. Consideration will also be given to University Graduates with no specific experience in these duties. Application forms from County Planning Adviser, Broomfield Place, Broomfield, Chelmsford, returnable by July 28, 1956. Canvassing disqualifies.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Applications are invited from suitably experienced women for the appointment of Resident Assistant at the Working Girls' Hostel, 136 Westcotes Drive, Leicester, which accommodates 20 girls of age 15-21 years. This responsible post will afford wide experience in the care of young workers of varied attainments and interests. The vacancy has arisen as a result of promotion. Salary: £340 ×£15—£385 per annum, less £113 per annum for board and lodging. A single, comfortably furnished bed-sitting room is provided. Pensionable post subject to medical exam. Five weeks annual leave; 1½ days off-duty weekly. Applic. forms from Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester.

HERTFORDSHIRE Probation Area. Appointment of full-time male Probation Officer. Applications are invited for the above appointment. The appointment will be subject to the Probation Rules 1949-1955 and the salary will be in accordance with such Rules and subject to superannuation deductions. The successful applicant may be required to undergo a medical examination. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned and applications should be received by me not later than August 4, 1956. Neville Moon, Clerk of the Peace, County Hall, Hertford.

SOUTHEND Civic Guild of Help. Applications are invited from qualified and experienced Family Caseworkers for the post of Secretary to commence duties as soon as possible. The person appointed will be expected to assume responsibility for the organisation of the work of the Guild. Apply to 13 Clarence Rd., Southend-on-Sea, stating qualifications, salary required, and the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made.

ASSISTANT Master required for boys' preparatory school, September term. English, History & General subjects. Help with games. Good salary offered suitable man; non-resident. Apply Headmaster, Uplands Preparatory School, Scalby, Scarborough

SENIOR Almoner for the Oxford & District H.M.C. Geriatric Unit. Candidates must hold Certificate of the Institute of Almoners. Whitley Council conditions. Applications, particulars of qualifications, experience, copies of testimonials and names of two referees, to be sent to the Secretary, Oxford & District H.M.C., 17 St. Michael's St., Oxford.

MATRON required for girls house, Bedales School, Petersfield, Hants (Coeducational), for Sept. next. Responsible and interesting post. Nursing qualifics. not essential, school experience very desirable. Temporary appointment possible. Apply immed. with testimls., to Headmaster, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

LONDON County Council requires assistant home help organiser for duty in first instance in Hammersmith; energy and ability to manage staff required. Previous expc. in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary £493 10s.×£35 5s—£634 10s commencing according to quals. and expce. Pensionable post. Applcn. form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 1, 129 Fulham Palace Road, W.6. Closing date July 31. (1423.)

ADDITIONAL workers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive family casework service for "problem families." Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £250-£25-£500 plus full board and residence. Children's allowances. Special training provided. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

RESIDENT house fathers and mothers required, adolescent spastic centre, attractive surroundings and congenial community life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Residential Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon. Addiscombe 2310.

ASSISTANT Warden required for rehabilitation centre near London for temperamentally unstable men. Commencing salary £4 10s. per week, live in, all found. Apply S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

MARKET Research. Educated man wanted, 30 or under, with some experience of Market Research, to be trained as personal assistant to the head of the Market Research Division of W. S. Crawford, Ltd. Write to The Market Research Manager, 233, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

CONFIDENTIAL Secretary to Chief Accountant of public company in North-east London required immediately. Experience of accountancy work an advantage. Write giving particulars of education and details of posts held. Box 6154.

THE Curwen Press has a vacancy for a typographer, experienced in commercial design. Must have practical exp. of the printing trade and/or advertising. A good salary is offered. Applicants should be over 25. Write to the Managing Director, The Curwen Press, Ltd., Plaistow, London, E.13.

LANDSMAN'S Bookshop, the specialist postal and mobile bookshop for farmers has been built up over the past 10 years. Owner now having other interests reqs. someone to take complete charge. Cd. eventually take over business. No fortunes, but gd. living for hard worker. Landsmans, Buckden, Huntingdon.

VACANCIES at Collet's. Salaries & conditions acc. Model T.U. Agreement. Charing Cross Road Bookshop Assistant. Shop and clerical duties. Eventually capable of handling mail order dept. Typing essential. Head Office Subscription Dept. Clerk/typist, shorthand an advantage. 5-day week. Holiday arrangements respected. Write 44 Museum St., London, W.C.1, or phone CHAncery 4756.

HOLIDAY posts. Small country hse. hotel, lovely area, requires immediately, intelligent domestic help/s. Every consideration. As family. Write, 'phone: "Treborough Lodge," nr. Washford, Som. (Washford 205.)

SMALL school, teaching farming, requires resident teacher (prob. m.) for September. Maths., history, knowledge of gardening or farming & interest in music desirable. Odam Hill, South Molton, Devon.

RESIDENTIAL job offered by Architect in Hampstead Village. Mainly secretarial but some help with children in friendly, informal family. Stylish independent flat as part of salary. Box 6122.

RESIDENT lady help required. Doctor's family, 2 children. Good accommodation, 15 miles N.W. London. Box 6140.

FOREIGN or British resident domestic help; 2 adults; good pay & home. 11 miles N.W. London. Box 6226.

HANDWEAVER/shop assistant, for Arts & Crafts, for London, N.W., with exp., as from Sept. Write with references to Box 6198.

MEDICAL Secretary required for General Medical Department at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2. Candidates must be competent Shorthand-Typists. Commencing salary within range £280 at age 18 to £380 per annum at age 23 (or according to scale if already in Health Service). Lunch available. Applics. to the Secretary, Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.

POLITICALLY informed secretary, excellent typist, for journalist in W. Hampstead; half-time. HAM. 6673.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist (unmarried) required for educational departments from September 1. Permanent, pensionable, generous holidays. School Certificate or equivalent. Good typing essential. Commencing salary: £8 2s. at 25; £8 12s. at 26 or 27, £9 3s. at 28 or 29; £9 14s. at 30 or over. Scale rises eventually to £12 14s. Apply by letter with full particulars of experience to the Secretary, Northampton Polytechnic, St. John St., E.C.1. (nr. Angel Stn.).

FRENCH/English Shorthand-Typists required preferably with commercial experience, for permanent and temporary posts. Excellent salary and congenial conditions. Please give details of experience and indication of salary required to Roussel Laboratories, Ltd., telephone LADbroke 3608.

EDUCATED woman as secretary in political organisation. Commencing salary about £9. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

CAPABLE secretary with shorthand typing & ability to translate from written German reqd. in Research Department of Company 40 mls. Lond. Sal. £600 p.a. Box 6027.

SENIOR Shorthand Typist required immediately for Jewish welfare organisation. Good English essen. & knowl. of German an asset. 5-day wek. Gd. sal. Box 6211

PUBLISHERS of Art books, S. Kensington, require accurate book-keeper/typist (male or female) to assist Secretary. Please write Phaidon Press, 5 Cromwell Place, S.W.7.

COMPETENT woman shorthand typist wanted for busy social welfare agency. Interesting, varied work, pleasant atmosphere. 9.30 to 5.30. No Saturdays. Salary £6. Holiday arrangements respected. Apply General Secretary, 21 Coram Street, W.C.1.

SH/TYPS., copy/typs. Interesting work by the hour/day/week. Hall, Ltd., 32, Rupert St., Piccadilly, W.1. GER. 1067.

£5 to £3,500. Appointments. Avian req. all staff. M./f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd. W.1. EUS 2579/2719.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad St. Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man seeks interesting post where initiative, hard work, good humour appreciated. 3 years res. School Secretary. Some exper. handling difficult children. Car driver. Prepared undertake any duties. Box 6035.

MAN, sgl., active, expd. cowman, sks. change market gardening. Box 6234.

CAMBRIDGE graduate (f., 23), secretarial experience, some shorthand/typing, sks. interesting part-time job London. Box 6228.

TRANSLATOR-Interpreter. (Exp. 15 languages on permanent staff of international organisation abroad). Seeks post with commer./publishing firm in Britain. Box 6201.

FORMER German lawyer seeks suitable position. Box 6104.

OUTSIDER wants job working with rather than for people. Usual difficulties and some qualities. Box 6178

DOMESTIC Staff! We always have available hard-working couples, mothers' helps, general domestics, cooks, chauffeurs etc. Selected by our continental agents and branch offices and ready to leave continent now. Burnett Bureau, Ltd., 77 Dean St., London, W.1.

FELLOWSHIPS

MENTAL Health Research Fund Fellowship. Applications are invited for Mental Health Research Fund Fellowships from suitably qualified persons wishing to pursue full-time research work on problems bearing on mental health, whether in clinical psychiatry or in one of its supporting sciences. Both senior and junior fellowships are offered in the salary ranges of £700-£1,200 and £1,300-£2,000 (inclusive of superannuation). The appointments will be for up to three years in the first instance. Further information from the Secretary, Mental Health Research Fund, 43 Queen Anne Street, W.1.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE University of Hull. Research Scholarship. The University proposes to award a Post-Graduate Scholarship for full-time research in Arts, Economics or Law, tenable for one or two years. Value £40 p.a. but eligible for supplementation by the Ministry of Education. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent not later than August 7, 1956. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

SCHOOLS

THE Town & Country Day School, 38-40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted. Boys and girls 5-18 educ. for Gen. Cert. of Education & the Universities. Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.

SCHOOLS—continued

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day and Boarding School owned and controlled by Friendly Society of Parents and staff. Kindergarten 15gns., Junior and Senior School 20gns.

INDIVID. teaching in group for children of normal intelligence with emotional difficulties. Mrs. Flynn, 12 Lambolle Road, N.W.3.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. cows. All round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. Day school for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 47s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

S/C all elec. fully furn. lab-savng. flat, 7 mins. walk Kensington Gdns. C.h.w. Suit 2, Aug. 11-18, 9½gns. incl. Box 6078.

FLAT to let for two from August 20 to end September. Marble Arch. £5 a week. Fully equipped. Box 5963.

HIGHGATE, close tube. Lux. sgl. divan rooms new contemp. furn., use kit., bath, etc. Small 52s., large 65s. MOU. 9610.

STUDIO. Chelsea. Furn. lge. h. & c. To let to actor, writer or artist only. £5 10s. per week. Long let pref. Service available. Use bath. Box 6233.

LARGE div.-rm. w. breakfast & use of kit. 4 gns. 26 Avenue Rd., N.6. MOU. 3676.

BED-sitting room, large comf. quiet private house, Hampstead Gdn. Sub. SPE. 7684.

HAMPSTEAD flat, sleep 3, Aug. 13-Sept. 17. 8 gns. p.w. PRI. 4009.

3 MINS. Highgate tube, 2 furn. rooms, suit 2; also sgl. rm. 25s. MOU. 4680.

LOVELY views from secluded Hampstead flat, to let furnished Aug. 1 for 4-7 weeks. 3 bedrooms (sleep 4/5). 10gns. p.w. 'Phone HAMpstead 5765.

BEDRM. with bkfst. W.1, prof. gentleman only, approx. 6 months. Box 6253.

NICE rm., tel., bath. Ckg. facs., h. & c., fr. Aug. 1-Sep. 30. PRI. 8495. Box 6261.

4 bare attics, 10s. wk. each, 2 furn. rms. £2. Use bath & garage. Near Kewick. Stamped addressed envelope to Box 6225.

LADY would welcome P.G. Modernised country house in beautiful country. Own sitting-rm. available. Box 5967.

EXCHANGE large Felixstowe flat, sleep 2, 30 seconds beach, for London equivalent, 2 weeks September. Box 6128.

PROF. wom. wishes share her furn. flat, N.W., own bed-sit. 10-5, ROD. 6333/42.

NIGERIAN doctor and wife require small flat, preferably s/c. Willesden, Kilburn, Maida Vale or Notting Hill. Box 6227.

COUPLE from S. Pacific with 4 children req. furn. accom. at reas. price anywhere in Cent. Lond. for 12-15 months. Box 5461.

LADY teacher & son (12) fr. New Zealand wish to share home about 3 months fr. Sept. or any other offers of accom. Box 5971.

UNIV. lecturer, wife, 1 son (5½) req. cheap accom., village, easy access London. No board. Aug. 24 to mid-Sept. Box 5969.

GIRL, 21, seeks one or more others who have vacancy in London flat. Reasonable rent. Box 6191.

BUSINESS wom. reqs. b/s., use kit. 10 wks. Bloomsbury, Camden Tn. Box 6100.

GOOD home wanted for continental student. HYD. 6524.

COUPLE with child seek furnished flat/house 6/9 months from August. Maximum 60 minutes central London. Box 6161.

MISCELLANEOUS

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent Hse., Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee) unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

DUREX gloves & all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Piertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

JOIN the Army of people who daily enjoy their meals with Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

DUREX gloves & all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Send s.a.e. for free price list to W.S., 16a High Rd., London, N.2.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

WARM, well-furnished house, reliable daily help, Hampstead Gdn. Suburb. 3 bed., 2 sit., modern kitchen, constant h.w. Nice garden. From Oct. 1-May 1. SPE. 0420.

FLAT furn. for 4, 6½ gns. p.w., 4th fl. 157 Ken. High St., W.8. WES. 0196. 9-6.

WANTED, in/nr. London, fully furn. hse./flat to accommodate couple, nurse & 2 infants visiting London Sept.-Dec. Scrupulous care will be taken of furnishings. Box 5257.

COUPLE soon to marry seek small unfurn. flat or share of house, pref. Central but anything consd. Box 6243.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BLACKHEATH. Company owning a desirable property, converted into four self-contained flats for its employees, will shortly be free to offer this for sale with vacant possession. Large rooms; pleasant outlook; recently redecorated; walled garden. Nr. heath and facing park. 3 mins. from station (15 mins. London). Freehold £4,750. Communications to Secretary, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (HOLborn 8471.)

THATCHED Cottage, modernised, Newton Longville, Bucks (45 mls. London), 5 rms., k. & b., w.c. ½ acre, garage. 2½ mls. Main Line Euston, 50 mins. Bus to stn. £2,500. Tel.: Bletchley 2501.

LONDON Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, 8-roomed terrace house, freehold £1,850. Excellent repair, redecorated. Box 6087.

CHARMING country cottage, 2 miles Maldon, Essex. Sailing on Blackwater. 2 sitting, 3 bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom, w.c., electricity. Telephone: Wickham Bishops 426.

SNOWDONIA. Beautiful period farmhouse, suitable residence holidays or guests. £1,750 for early disposal. Box 6189.

WHERE TO STAY

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accom. and good food. 6½gns. wk. Easy train journey from Charing Cross. Riding stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

LOOK younger—be happy! 7-day regime: relaxation technique, diets, massage, remedial baths & a sylvan retreat. Illus. folder: Vernon Symonds, The Brooklands, Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

FOLKESTONE. Delightful Private Hotel in large grounds, facing sea. Individ. attention and friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Billiards. Capel Court, Capel-le-Ferne, Folkestone. Tel. 3462.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944, 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front, gdns., putting green, garages. Superlative food. Summer 9-11gns. weekly.

A FEW late Aug. & Sept. vacancies at this small, congenial hotel in "Britain's Best Climate", noted for sunny warm days. Rec. by rdrs. 6/9gns., incl. full board, early tea, coffees, fresh fruit, baths, beach hut & gratuities. Vegetarian if desired. Twin beds; h. & c.; Slmbrlands. Two comftable. lounges. All well-apptd. Kindly write for informtive. brochures (illus.). Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Best pos. on 3-mile prom., facing full sth. Nr. Sun-Lounge (orchestra). Hastings 4784.

SMALL hotel for a few guests who like quiet and peace in a sandy bay surrounded by mountains/pinewoods. No shops/cafés. Open until end Oct. Write reservation. Residencia Los Pinos, Cala San Vicente, Majorca.

CORNISH Riviera (Central). In lovely country beside Fowey Estuary, 3 miles sea; modern comfort, notable food in Georgian Manor. Own woods. Fishing. Boating. Games Room. Peaceful, unspoilt beauty. Brochure S, Penquite House Hotel, Golant, Par. Tel. Fowey 124.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers plentiful and imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere. From 8½gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A., approved. Licensed. Ashley Courtenay recommended. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

KESWICK, Highfield Vegetarian Guest Hse., The Heads. Happy hols. Lovely Lakeland scenery. Gd. food. A. Horner. Tel. 508.

SUSSEX, 12m Eastbourne. Charm. guest house, everything home-made. Vegetarians welc. Fr. 6gns Whinrig, Horam. Tel. 211.

BEAUTIFUL country with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

BEACONSFIELD, Old Jordans Hotel. Quaker Guest Hse., h. & c. every bdrm., int. sprung mattresses. Gd. food in delightful setting. Hse. & gdn. are both peaceful.

STRUAN House, Carrbridge, Inverness-shire. Comfortable country house; large garden; musical evenings, ping-pong, etc. Excellent centre; walking, climbing in Cairngorms; motoring in Highlands, golf, fishing, swimming. Brochure. Tel. 242.

DO you seek a stay in attrac. cottage with gdn., lovely walks, continental food? You find it 40 mls. Lond. 7½gns. p.w. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

CORNWALL., Treharrock Manor. Continental Holiday now midst loveliest beaches on Cornish Riviera. Remarkably sheltered. Few vacancies Aug.-Sept. Glorious surf-bathing, Polzeath. Sun-bathing. Safe, golden sands. Fishing, boating, sailing in Italian-like villages. Salmon, trout. TV lounge. Billiards, table tennis. Children's room. Golf (St. Enodoc). Open all year. Select. Re-equipped. 5 hrs. London. Excellent touring centre. 13gns. except July-Sept. Superb cooking. Miss Wainewright. Port Isaac 234.

BLENCATHRA Guest House, Kingsdown, nr. Deal. (R.A.C. approved.) By golf links & sea. Own grounds, excellent food. 8gns. Kingsdown 225.

LONDON visitors should stay at 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W.8. Superior house, good food. Bed & breakfast, double 26s., single 14s. Tel. BAY 5985.

"DRUNKEN Duck," the inn with a difference. Comfort, good food. Air & views unparalleled. Nr. Ambleside. Phone Hawkshead 347.

NO Crowds! Peaceful, unspoilt, glorious surroundings; comfort & homely, good cooking, courtesy. Few Aug./Sept. vacs.: too good to be true? Then write "Treborough Lodge" Hotel, nr. Washford, W. Som. or 'Phone Washford 205.

MAJORCA. Six paying guests taken in beautifully situated country house overlkg. sea in mountain village, off tourist tracks. Delightful walking & bathing, gd. cooking and serv., priv. bathrms. Engl. spoken. £1 a day incl. Write Daskal, Estellenchs, Mallorca.

HOTEL for international artists. English spoken. Houssey, Hotel de la Plage, Hennequeville, Calvados, Normandy, France. Three miles Deauville, renowned cuisine. Special arrangements for English. Not for tourists exclusively.

PENSION Thélia, 75 Rue Cardinal-Lemoine, Paris Ve. Full pension 30s., half pension 26s. Quiet. Gd. cuisine. Recommended.

HASSNESS Hotel, Buttermere, Cumberland, in the Lake District National Park. Open throughout the year. Reduced terms for Autumn and Winter holidays.

"IF you are really particular how you eat, spend 5s. on 'The Good Food Guide,' published by Cassell."—Picture Post. Members of the Good Food Club recommend about 700 restaurants and hotels in Great Britain where you can rely on good food at a reasonable price. "Doing an excellent job."—New Statesman. Current edition 1955/56 from all booksellers, 5s.

PERSONAL

BECHSTEIN upright (Berlin no. 102406 Model 9). Excellent condition, beautiful tone. £150 or near offer. Bulbring, 15 Northmoor Road, Oxford. Tel. 57270.

GERMAN student wants stay with English family as p.g. Aug.-Sept. Box 5857.

EARLY Steinway, 7ft. 5in. Plays angelically but refuses to ascend my staircase. £65. Box 6003.

JOIN now. Institute of Contemporary Arts. Entrants fee suspended during Summer. Special terms for married couples. Apply 17-18 Dover Street, W.1.

YOUNG (28), expd. male social worker, B.Sc. (Econ.), Hons., rapidly losing battle between splendid social conscience and miserable bank account, seeks post in opulent organisation where conflict can be resolved satisfactorily. Box 5982.

FLORENCE. Modern flat to let August-Sept., sleep 5. Reas. rent. Box 6143.

FRANCE: Annecy, Geneva, Riviera, 15-day camp tour, Aug. 18. £30. 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

GENTLEMAN motoring Aug. 2 from London to Black Forest via Strasbourg offers free lift to pleas. travelling companion. Expd. driver pref. Box 6262.

GOOD French family wishing to send young girl (language student) to England October (London pref.) would receive in exchange in Paris young Engl. girl (19), Sept. Box 6061.

QUALIFIED artists required with good knowledge of France, Holland or Spain. Box 6052.

AUTHOR & wife wd. caretake yacht for love winter months anywhere.—Box 6160.

FRENCH Riviera. Beautiful suite (sleeps 4) with sunny balcony and own kitchen, in private villa near sea, available Oct. to May. Other accommodation possible. Please send international postage coupon. Box 6168.

STUDENT wanted for summer holidays to act as companion to girl 14 and boy 10. Pocket money & tennis included. Box 6176.

AUSTIN A70, '53, 1 owner. Tubeless tyres, undersealed, seats adjust. for slpg. £500 o.n.o. Davy, Penny Hill, Amberley, Sx.

IF you are tired of large classes, functional buildings and frustrating conditions, we have a post to offer an enthusiastic teacher. Small classes, civilized surroundings, congenial staff, resident, reasonable hours. General Subjects in the Middle School. We are not aggressively progressive but have common sense approach, good manners, discipline. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry. Apply N. A. Dromgoole, Pierrepont House School, Frensham, Surrey.

PERSONAL—continued

WOMAN gardener reqd., trained or experienced; 3/4 acre light soil private garden in excellent condition—late gardener retiring; suit 2 friends if one cook-housekeeper to family 3, resident help kept; or mother & daughter if former willing part-time occasional help in house. Accommodation: garage flat 3 rooms & Kit'ette. Wages by arrangement. Tel. after 7 p.m. Byfleet 3046. Write Bevington, Silverwood, Pyrford, Woking.

VACATION companion (18-21) required for boy 15 needing some interests other than football; board accommodation (near sea), expenses and small salary paid. Suit undergraduate. Write to Box No. 195, c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., Gateway House, E.C.4, stating period available.

YOUNG man (25) seeks companion (male) for holidays July 28-August 16. Expenses shared. Suggestions welcomed. Box 6144.

WANTED! Congenial party visiting Italy 2 wks. Sept. 8, with vacancy one woman. Share expenses. By car preferred. Box 6157.

NEEDED urgently: temporary caravan, residential site, preferably private, within reach London. Box 6239.

AUSTRIAN high school girl (16) accust. children, wants vac. post cult. Brit. fam. au pair or looking after children, aim improve English. Please write immed. Fr. Dr. Schlögl, 35 Stratford Rd., W.8.

RESIDENTIAL job for adaptable secretary, Hampstead. See Situations Vacant.

CAR seats Spain, Portugal Aug. 7-Sept. 7. S.a.e. details, 35 Adys Rd., S.E.15.

YOUNG lady seeks companion (f.) for holiday in Scotland. Hitch-hiking, walking. Other suggestions welcomed. Box 6135.

YOUNG man (21), sks. work France. Can write, drive. Not fluent spkr. Box 6136.

FRENCH families welcome English girls into their homes in exch. children's care & light housewk. Service International d'Echanges, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

SPAIN? Don't be put off! We still have vacancies July, August, etc. Free Guide from New Vistas Travel, 69 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. (Molesey 2105).

BRAZIERS Park. See under "Summer Schools" and "Books."

WEEK-ENDS by the sea. At our house party in Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, we can include a few additional members for week-ends. Costs from £2 10s. (Bank holiday week-end, 4gns.) Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

AUGUST 18-September 3. Arrangements partly by air. Austria, Italy or Yugoslavia. £36-£45. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

LAST minute Continental Holidays. Not mass produced but individually arranged as, and where you wish. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Tel.: WHI. 4114-5.

GERMAN Youth Travel Service arranges visits for young people. Stay with German families, au pair or p.g. Very cheap air travel facilities. English families also sought to take German students as p. gs. Balch, 39 Stanhope Gardns, N.6, or Travel Service, Essen, Germany.

SUMMER Holidays for Children. Trained supervision. Principal, Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

COSTA Brava. Villas and flats to let. Fortnights possible Details: Dr. Cooper, Blanes, Gerona, Spain.

SUMMER Holidays not yet arranged? We can still include you in our Lakeside parties to the Salzkammergut near Salzburg. (July 28 & August 11), to Bacharach on the Rhine (July 28), to Montreux, Lake Geneva (July 29, August 12 & 26). Details of these and other original holiday arrangements in Britain and abroad from Erna Low, 47 (NS), Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Tossa, Torremolinos (Malaga), Portugal (Oér). A 15-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these finest Mediterranean Paradise holiday resorts or to Portugal on specially advantageous terms, thanks to forward contracts. Prices from 44gns. all inclusive of air fares, board and accommodation. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise to Corsica and Majorca for only 65gns., and a France-Spain leisure tour embracing the French Pyrenees, Andorra, Tossa, Barcelona and Montserrat for only 54gns. Write or 'phone for 52-page lavishly illustrated colour brochure with 5 maps, to Dept. 26G, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

IF you have delayed your holiday you are still lucky. You can still find summer sunshine and holiday gaiety in Jersey. It's the obvious choice for September and October holidays. Write now for free holiday literature to Box 250, Tourism Official Information Centre, St. Helier, Jersey.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

KNOW-How means Writing Success for You. No Sale—No Fees Tuition. Free N.2. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

ITALIAN taught by native teacher. Telephone PARk 6314.

ITALY, Balkans-bound? Wanderer seeks transport fr. late August. Box 6300.

BOYS & Girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at the Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter. Eliz. Strachan Hele 390.

GRAMOPHONE records from the Soviet Union. New supplies just received: Folk Music from Russia and Autonomous Republics; Operas, Classical Music and Dialogue, at normal L. & S.P. Prices. Send 6d. for complete list to Collet's, 44 Museum St., London, W.C.1. Audition room for personal shoppers.

LECTURERS? Write for Foyles Lecture Agency's new 118-page list of speakers. It includes Lieut.-General Sir John Glubb, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Lady Barnett, Mr. Tom Driberg, Sir Basil Henriques, Lord Birdwood, Mr. Uffa Fox and many other speakers suitable for literary societies, discussion groups, schools, etc. Foyles Lecture Agency, 125 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2. (GERrard 5660.)

TO Sorrento or Southend with Exclusive Holiday Wear from Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Open 7 p.m. Thurs., 3 p.m. Sats. New 24-page catalogue sent on request.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Hopkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—the ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn.-5gns. a box. One quality the best! Write for catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sx. Wivelsfield Green 232-233.

MANNEQUINS. Any girl contemplating a career in modelling will receive a frank (and free) assessment of her chances in an interview with Lucie Clayton. Brochure. 449 Oxford St., W.1. MAY. 0667.

CONTINENTAL girls sk. domestic posts au pair or full time. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now available 1s. post free. Welfare Advisory Centre Russell House, Wilton, Wilts.

HOSPITALITY and care for convalescence or for aged or disabled. Garden-drawing-room, lovely house. HAM. 2281.

EXP. Tailoring. Suits from £14 10s. S. Hirsh, 92 High St., Edgware. EDG 2275.

A.T.V.'s television programme "The 64,000 Question" is on a nation-wide search for men and women who have a remarkable knowledge of any subject other than the one they earn their living by. The 64,000 Question, A.T.V., Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

VERSES, Speeches to order for (almost) any occas. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., L'pool 15. Childwall 4123.

THE Incorporated Society of Registered Naturopaths. Members of this Society have completed a minimum of 4 years' full-time training in Natural Therapeutics. Information: Sec., I.S.R.N., Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Ave., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

"I Look like a Convict." You don't have to. Just that extra touch makes even our passport photograph into a good portrait. 3 for 10s. 6d. Arya Studios, 137a Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 9146.

MANIPULATIVE Treatment for backache and spinal trouble. Massage. Relaxation-Therapy. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel.: WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

DO-It-Yourself — a new development: get-someone-else-to-do-it for-you. Meanwhile, sit back in a comfortable chair. Make sure there's a bottle of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry within easy reach.

P.S. Do you like statistics? If so, you may be as fascinated as I am by the fact that, in 1955, there were 177 old clients among 1,070 bookings for "Summer Schools Abroad," whereas this year (to date) I have 263 old clients out of 1,078. I look forward to being able to give up advertising, but, in the meantime, invite you to write for a copy of my programme to Harold Ingham, Ltd., 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. *per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.*

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. M.), S., Sn. 5 & 8. "Trip to Bountiful." Mems.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. Polly. John Gay's sequel to Beggar's Opera. Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin). Music & Dances of Ceylon, with well-known singer Devar Surya Sena; Kandyan drummer, Anura; supporting cast. At Imperial Institute, S.W.7. Sun., July 22, 8 p.m. Members (& guests 1s. more), 6s., 4s. & 2s. 6d. Inf. re membership (open to all), other concerts, classes, etc., from Sec. A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Tel. FINchley 2934.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, Wat. 3232. Sat., July 21. The War of the Worlds (X). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

ROXY Rep. Cinema. BAY. 2345. July 22, 6 days. Rex Harrison, Constant Husband. U.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until July 22: Ophuls' Le Plaisir (X). From July 23: Alec Guinness in Father Brown (U).

HUNGARIAN film-social: welcome to holiday visitors from Hungary, & get-together for tourists going to Hungary: British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2, on July 21 at 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s. members, 2s. 6d. guests.

I.C.A. 17 Dover St., W.1, Sat., July 21, 8-11 p.m. "At Home." Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Mems. 3s. & their Guests 5s.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evenings every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or 'phone PRI. 7479, evenings

THE Baker St. Jive Club, 15 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 7007. Skiffle & Jive. Skippering Skifflers. Sats. & Suns. 8ish-latish.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, July 22, at 7.30. Royal Festival Hall. Overture, Merry Wives of Windsor Nicolai; Piano Concerto No. 2 Rachmaninoff, Romance for Strings Finzi; Enigma Variations Elgar. London Symphony Orch., cond. John Russell, soloist Peter Katin. 3s. 6d.; 12s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & Agts.

DEVON Festival Aug. 4-12. Broch.: Fes. Manager, Queen's Hall, Barnstaple.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 62nd Season. Royal Albert Hall, Sat., 21 July, to Sat., 15 Sept. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

PICASSO. 50 years of graphic art. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Until Aug. 5. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thur. 10-7, Suns. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Three new painters. 11-6 daily.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. 40th Anniversary Exhibition. Modigliani, Chagall, Soutine, Epstein, etc. June 19-July 24. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Recent Paintings by Modern Scottish Artists, July 4-July 28.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. French Pictures of the 19th & 20th Century: recent paintings by Frederick Franck, And some Rodin Bronzes.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan: Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6, 2s. 6d.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street W.1. New Paintings by Georges Mathieu, incl. "The Battle of Hastings." Until Aug. 11. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closed Sun. Adm. 6d.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise. Annual event at the Leicester Galleries, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Constantin Guys—Drawings from English and European Collections. Adm. 2s. 6d in aid of The National Art Collections Fund. Giacomo Guardi—Views of Venice. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30. Until July 31.

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibn., 1956. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings and Drawings by Suzanne Valadon. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MEMORIAL Exhibition. Paintings and Drawings by H. Davis Richter. Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Rd., W.14. July 21-Sept. 1, 11-7 (Sats. 11-5). Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. South African Paintings by Walter Battiss. Until July 29. Monday-Friday, 10-4.30, Saturday 10-5. Sunday 2.30-6. Admission free.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibn. Dly. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. New Editions, Prints. Piper, Bawden, Evans, Trevelyan, Rothenstein, Alistair, Grant, La Dell, etc.

SOME Water Colours & Drawings of Today. Third Exhibition at Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St., from July 23.

CHARLES Howard: Whitechapel Art Gallery. Last day July 25. Weekdays 11-6; Sun. 2-6. Closed Mon. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

CENTENARY Exhib. of Shaviana. Luton Museum, Wardown Pk., Luton, Beds. Dly. July19-Aug. 26. 10-8. Suns. 2-8.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BUDDHIST Society. Public Meeting at Allied Circle, 46 Green Street, Park Lane, W.1, Sun. July 22, 7.30, "The Buddha's First Sermon", Christmas Humphreys. Read "The Middle Way", 2s. 6d. quarterly (special Buddha Jayanti issue now on sale, 3s. 6d.). Our temporary address is 58 Marlborough Place, N.W.8. Information MAI. 4987 (2-5.30). You can still book for our Summer School at Hoddesdon, 31.8-6.9.56.

SWAMI Ghanananda: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., 7.30, July 26. "Yoga of Psychic Control." Suns. 5 p.m. at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, Devonshire Terrace, W.2. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. Programme and Book List on request.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, July 22, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: "The Revolution in Philosophy"

I.C.A. 17 Dover Street, W.1. Lecture: Wednesday, July 25, 8.15 p.m. "Only the Really New can be Truly Traditional" by Georges Mathieu. Chairman: Charles Rosner. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

SHAW Centenary, July 26: H. Pearson, Esme Percy, Constance Cummings, etc. Dets.: Shaw Soc., 45 Steeplestone Cl., N.18.

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